San Francisco, 16 August : 1900

THE PACIFIC

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A religious and family paper.

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Heroes.

THERE is a yet harder and higher heroism—to live well in the quiet routine of life; to fill a little space because God wills it; to go on cheerfully with a petty round of little duties, little vocations; to accept unmurmuringly a low position; to smile for the joys of others when the heart is aching; to banish all ambition, all pride, and all restlessness. To do this for a lifetime is a greater effort, and he who does this is a greater hero than he who for one hour stems a breach or for one day rushes onward undaunted in the flaming front of shot and shell. His works will follow him. He may not be a hero to the world, but he is one of God's heroes; and, though the builders of Nineveh and Babylon be forgotten and unknown, his memory shall live.—*Canon Farrar.*

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THE PACIFIC

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"First pure, then peaceable . . without partiality and without hypocrisy."

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal. Thursday, 16 August: 1900

Shaping Our Future.

We shape ourselves, the joy or fear
Of which our coming life is made;
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

—*Whittier.*

The advocates of spiritualism in its various forms have certainly allowed their system to suffer sore disaster. Their behavior during these weeks of world-wide, agonizing suspense has been such as to either fatally discredit their system or stigmatize them as unfeeling and inhuman to the last degree. What they are understood to claim is not the fact of a spiritual world as distinct from material existence—which hardly any one denies; nor that between us and the inhabitants of that sphere there may be communication, which cannot be disproved nor shown to be unreasonable; but that there actually is such intercourse; that disembodied spirits do now interest themselves in mundane affairs; that their presence can be secured at any time in answer to earthly summons; that they have a knowledge of existing conditons, can foretell future events, and can be relied upon in their revelations, as capable and honest. But if this be so, what excuse can any one of their mediums give for the awful suspense in which they have kept the whole Christian world, the torturing rack upon which they have allowed tens of thousands of loving hearts to writhe? It is a responsibility which cannot be set aside; and before God we challenge them, even at this late day, to come to the relief of burdened hearts to the aid of perplexed governments, to the direction of advancing armies, and to the rescue of men and women and little children, many of them the best of earth, from the awful experiences of the present and from threatening perils at which humanity stands aghast. Tell us something definite which shall save our leaders from blunders, and render the relieving forces effective, or else confess that there is no truth in the claims so boldly flaunted in the face of a suffering world; that neither for earthly guidance nor for heavenly hope are the so-called spiritual utterances worthy of credence.

Four thousand rash adventurers, headstrong in their folly, petition the government to send a fleet of vessels to Cape Nome, where they are stranded, penniless and hopeless, to bring them back to civilization. Of course they must be relieved. But none the less they do not deserve it. They had no business there. They were abundantly warned, time and again, officially as well as privately, of the folly of undertaking the journey without assured provision for support. All to no purpose. Madness was in their hearts and reason was flung to the wind. If experience was what they were after, they have certainly got it in large measure. If only they would profit by it! Some of them doubtless will. But the great majority will probably be just as ready to follow any other will o' the wisp which flashes its golden light before them. It isn't fair. People have no business to impose such needless burdens upon their fellows. Indeed, it is doubtful if the cities on this Coast will open their doors willingly to receive this impecunious throng. But when we come to think of it, how large a part of the time and strength of God and men is expended in getting people out of difficulties which they have incurred by their own folly. Charity in such cases might not seem so strange for a man, who needs it so much himself; but in God it does bespeak love which is a marvel. And not in a few isolated cases alone: it is the common experience. "Fools because of their transgression and because of their iniquities are afflicted. * * * Then they cry unto the Lord

in their trouble and he saveth them out of their distresses. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

Cyrus Hamlin.

In the recent death of Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., at the advanced age of nearly ninety years, the Congregational fellowship, and the whole church of Christ have lost a great man. Born in poverty and compelled to earn his own living, he made his way through college and seminary, like so many other of the New England leaders of his generation, and equipped himself as fully as it was then possible to do for the work of the ministry. From childhood he had an interest in Christian missions, and the mission field seemed to him the one place to exercise his calling. So, volunteering for Africa, he was designated to Turkey, and was thus brought, one of the most original and forceful men of his day, upon the scene of some of the most remarkable political and religious transformations of the century. It was the right man in the right place.

He was first and foremost a missionary. Appointed to Bebek Seminary as soon as he had got the Armenian language (which he spoke better than most natives), his immediate duty was the education of Armenian youth, especially for the work of the ministry. He soon perceived that the only hope of any large education for them in Western Christian ideas lay in opening to them a Western tongue, of which English was the best; and hence he advocated education through the medium of English. This was regarded as a great error by many, and Dr. Hamlin fought the great fight of his life over this question. But he carried the day, and now his principles of education are accepted and applied by all missionary societies, according to the testimony of the present foreign secretary of the American Board. But he was more than an educator—he was a missionary, deeply interested in the conversion of men and the establishment of churches. Consequently, when he found that native Protestant Christians in Turkey were ostracised by their Gregorian brethren and their means of livelihood taken from them, he set out to invent trades which they might follow, and established a tin business and a baking business which made them independent. This led to other things which have attracted greater notice—to his supplying the British army with bread, and his hospital service—but the greatest thing in Dr. Hamlin's mind was that the living basis of a Protestant community had been created and evangelical churches rendered possible.

At last it was necessary that a step forward should be taken and a real college founded in Constantinople to do for promising youths of Bulgaria, Greece, the Armenian communities, etc., precisely what an American college does for ours. There was then no opportunity for a missionary of the Board to do such work, and, having interested Mr. Robert of New York in the scheme, Dr. Hamlin resigned as a missionary, after twenty-two years' service, and became President of Robert College—an institution as yet only a name. He carried it through to its building, on a site commanding the Bosphorus, of a splendid structure, the walls of which look as solid as native rock. For sixteen years he presided over it, and educated many of the men who have since led in the liberation of Bulgaria, Servia, etc., and are to do still more work of the same kind. Then, arbitrarily removed from this position at sixty-five, he came home and began life again. A professorship of theology at Bangor, a presidency at Middlebury, a multifarious activity as agent of the Board among the churches and as a writer for fourteen years more, have brought his useful and active life to a close.

Dr. Hamlin was a man of great force. He saw clearly, formed his views deliberately, held them unflinchingly and put them into practice unhesitatingly against whatever opposition. He was not an easy man to oppose. He could strike with terrific force. But he bore no malice. There was nothing petty about him, and his chief difficulties with men lay in their pettinesses, which he did not understand and could not provide for. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State, once said to him that "he did not know that the government of the United States wished its citizens to acquire property in Turkey"; and Dr. Hamlin replied that the citizens did not care what the "government" wished. That was the eagle in him which saw the hollowness and conceit of the Secretary's remark, and the lion in him that did not hesitate to strike.

But he had also much of the lamb in him.

He loved children and they loved him. He was patient under injustice and meanness, because he recognized a divine hand working out through the wickedness of men his own personal discipline. His heart was in the missionary work and in Turkey. When business led to any interview with him, and when it was finished, he would often lean back in his chair, if the visitor were a friend, and in a moment would begin, "When I was in Constantinople"—and you saw where his treasure was. He was pecuniarily disinterested as few men are. For many years he balanced his accounts annually, and if there stood anything to his credit he gave it away. He said to the British government, urging contracts of unmeasured provision on him, "If I stop to earn money for myself, I shall undo the work of thirty years; and I cannot." He was an appreciative friend. Men he believed in he loved, and bore with many things from them which he did not like. But a false man, or a selfish man, or an intriguer—let such a man beware!

He died as he had always lived—in action. One would suppose that a man of near ninety might be found certainly at home; but it was never safe to make any such supposition about Dr. Hamlin. If you went to Lexington to see him unannounced you would be likely to find him gone to Boston. Going to Portland recently, when it was not prudent to go, to fulfill some important errand, he died away from home. It was just such a death as he would have chosen. He never put off the harness. He had no old age, and now he is gone into the eternal youth of heaven. Farewell, genius, statesman, missionary, friend! May a double portion of thy spirit fall on the missionary youth of the present day!

The Crown of Life.

Two kingly men have recently passed into the heavens, full of years and of honors. Their lives have synchronized with the century just closing, and in the movements which have rendered the 19th century glorious they have borne distinguished part. Hardly one week separated the coronation days of these two heroes of the faith. First, Rev. J. C. Holbrook, D.D.—man of business, pioneer pastor, missionary superintendent, editor, active promoter of every Christian agency; his sphere of influence was characteristically American, and had much to do in the practical working of our great educational and reformatory institutions. His summons reached him at Stockton, California, August 1st, he being a little more than 92 years of age. One week later he was followed by the veteran missionary Cyrus Hamlin, D.D. The summons reached him at Portland, Me. He was one of the most remarkable men of this or any other age. His residence was for nearly fifty years at the capital of the Turkish Empire, where he made himself felt as almost no other man, titled diplomatist, or private person, has ever done. He was incarnate, aggressive Christianity, a "power not themselves, making for righteousness." In his declining years he again became a resident of the United States, where, as he said himself, he quietly and happily awaited the Master's call. Thus—

"Life's pleasures all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to their final rest they've gone;
While the soft memory of their virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues when the bright sun is set."

Kingly men both, leaders of the Lord's hosts in the crusade against sin, they were alike broad in their outlook, and fired with missionary ardor. Widely separated in their labors, both locally and in many external features, they have served their generation faithfully, realizing in themselves the promise of "bringing forth fruit in old age." Now they have passed hence, with the same royal welcome in their ears; "Well done, enter into the joy of your Lord."

Princes royal they have been on earth, in training for the succession; now they have reached the full dignity of sovereignty in God's spiritual empire, complete in every kingly attribute. The crowns which encircle their brows are the glory of a perfect manhood, the illuminations of noble thought and saintly character; a glory shining through, not an ornament external, and superimposed.

Sacred memories are in that coronet—memories of God's leadership through all that strenuous way, along which they, with him, have journeyed and toiled; memories of divine support in all vicissitudes, in light and shade, in joy and sorrow, in realization and disappointment, in honor and in shame, in strength and in weakness. Through them all they trace one "scheme of ordered happiness," one highway of holiness, leading straight from

earth to heaven; and over all, the watchful eye and the controlling hand of him whom they have served.

It sparkles, too, that crown of life, with the sacred intimacies with which they have been welcomed. Angels, archangels and the spirits of just men made perfect are their companions. More than this there is the atoning Lord and the Eternal Father; not only intercourse moreover, but unrestricted companionship, fellowship, and that the highest, with God, a communion akin to the deep mysterious union of the Father and his Beloved Son, for are they not sons of God?

Into that crown of life also are woven strands of reproductive benefactions, "springing and germinant"; seeds of kindness; sown in faith, when heart met heart in love, embodied in institutions, on Western plain or along the shores of the Bosphorus; trees of life, fruiting every month, all whose leaves even are for the healing of the nations; living fountains of the new civilization, which is everywhere replacing the old.

Brighter and brighter that crown will shine, as one after another the secrets of God's presence are disclosed; glories hitherto hidden in "excess of light"; now revealed to eyes made strong and clear; the expanding universe; the enlarging openings for service; the hitherto unappreciated richness of life—its limitless ranges and possibilities; and God's felt presence glorifying all, his Spirit breathing through all, divine fatherhood overarching all with wisdom, underguirding all with might, and holding all securely in the hollow of his hands.

Crowned lives are those in which such glories meet—manhood at its best, creation's head, only "a little lower than God." And those to whom we have referred were even as men go, remarkably endowed. But let us not lose the point. Royal honors are not the prize of commanding intellect. These add their luster, it is true, but the ideal manhood is spiritual. The crown of life is goodness in a sphere where goodness rules. Faithfulness, obedience, the law of the Spirit in Christ Jesus accepted as the law of personal conduct, unselfish devotion to humanity's needs, these give the kingly rank to which the crown of life is accorded. And that which shows the luminous crown upon the heads of Holbrook and Hamlin is not that which separates them from the man of humblest earthly station, but rather that which binds them to each in common brotherhood. For each and all, then, the prayer is fitting—

> "O, by thy love and anguish, Lord,
> And by thy life laid down,
> Grant that we fall not from thy grace,
> Nor fail to reach our crown."

The Distress in China.

One phase of the suffering attendant upon the present distress in China ought not to be overlooked in making up an estimate—the severe, long-continued nervous strain to which not only the imperilled legationers and missionaries have been and are subjected, but the agonizing uncertainty which wrings the hearts of relatives and friends, and in varying degrees of the whole civilized world. It is all brought to us anew as we read the stories told us by refugees; as, for example, by those who, last week, returned to this country on the transport "Logan." We can hardly bear to read through the sickening details of violence, outrage and slaughter which daily met their gaze filled their nights with sleepless terror and haunted them with apprehensions of unutterable woe, till swift death showed to them as an angel of mercy. This is the most obvious side. But another, and little, if any, less distressful is that which hides itself in so many quiet homes which hold the hearts of loving friends unceasingly upon the torturing rack and tears them with unutterable anguish. Nor may we overlook the tie which makes the whole world one in the experience of a common sorrow. It comes, too, upon the top of troubles which have sorely tried the physical as well as the spiritual frame—the Armenian tragedies, the Indian famine, the South African war. All these have involved continuous nervous tension, such as cannot but prove disastrous to health long after the immediate exciting cause has passed away. Not only saddened lives, but permanently diseased bodies must be a part of the penalty exacted by nature as a result of the Chinese tragedy.

Another form of suffering incidental to the outbreak in China has been brought to general notice by the officers of our A. B. C. F. M. Missionary property—buildings, furniture, and all that—of course has been destroyed.

But in addition to this the missionaries who have escaped, almost without exception, have fled for their lives, leaving behind all their possessions to be looted or consumed. On many of these the pecuniary loss must fall very heavily; for as a rule they have no resources beyond their very modest salaries on which to fall back. And it is a feature of the case which appeals very strongly, not only for sympathy and prayer, but for brotherly kindness and material assistance, too. It is indeed cause for profound thanksgiving that this outlet for impassioned feeling is opened before us. Such practical expression is the surest preservative of the purity of emotion, which else, in proportion to its intensity, is liable to degenerate into sickly sentimentality and selfish hardness. Two forms of benefaction are therefore suggested: individual offerings for individual needs, and enlarged contributions to the general work which lies on the hearts of these devoted missionaries and to which their energies have been devoted. The best expression of Christian sympathy will be the more liberal provision for pushing forward the evangelization of China when the doors of opportunity shall open, as they surely will, for the ambassadors of Christ to enter.

Notes.

Rev. A. C. Walkup left this port in November last on the little missionary schooner "Hiram Bingham" for his mission field in the Gilbert islands. A recent letter from him reports his safe arrival at Tapitenea on the 17th of January. After visiting several other islands he reached Butaritari April 7th, and was expecting to sail on the 16th for Jaluit of the Marshall group. At Tapitenea he received twenty-seven into the church. On some of the other islands the need of oversight was more apparent. The long delay in hearing from this brave brother shows how imperfect the communication with our Micronesian mission fields still is. He will be expected to distribute with the "Hiram Bingham" the supplies for the workers in both the Marshall and the Gilbert groups.

A meeting which promises to be one of exceptional interest and power has been called by the directors of the Moody Bible Institute —a counterpart, so it is hoped, of the Northfield Conferences. The place of meeting is to be Chicago, and the date September 10th to the 26th. The general theme will be "Progress in Revival Work"—"eight days of prayer, Bible study, discussion of methods, and attainment of the true sort of fellowship in revival work." Efforts are making to draw together at that time a number of those who have gone out from the Institute and are now doing work for Christ in different parts of the world. A large number of special addresses have been arranged for by experts along various lines of Christian work. May God's conscious presence brighten and his blessing follow the gathering.

The sermon by Dr. Adams of the First Congregational church, this city, last Sunday evening on the subject, "Are Missionaries Meddlers?" was a timely one. He took the position that missionaries are meddlers, and very properly so. They meddle with that which is poor and bad in people in order that they may be led to better things. Every preacher of the gospel, in home and foreign lands, ever since the gospel began to be preached, has been a meddler. We are glad in this country that there have been such meddlers in the past, and that they laid here the foundations of the church of Christ. The English-speaking people the world over are glad that Austin of England became a meddler centuries ago and carried the gospel to the heathen tribes from whom they are descended. All China will be glad some day that missionaries meddled in Chinese affairs, and established there the Christian religion. Yes, let us be frank to admit that preachers of the gospel are meddlers wherever they go, and let us not be slack in saying that they intend to continue to be such. The gospel is good news, and everybody should hear the good news.

The July number of Mind, a magazine of advanced thought, contains an excellent article by the Rev. F. S. Forbes of Santa Barbara on the subject, "What Should the Preacher Preach?" Mr. Forbes contends for the consideration in the pulpit of topics relating to the great problems of life. He says in this connection: "Recently a Western city was much agitated over the industrial life of its toilers. A list of printed questions on the issues of capital and labor was sent to every preacher in the city, attempting to draw them into discussion of these problems. Less than half the number made any reply whatever; and only a few showed any knowledge, or any desire to acquire knowledge, of the questions at issue. During the agitation the pastors of one of the largest denominations in that city met in conference one day and, according to newspaper report, 'became very enthusiastic over the discussion of the question as to whether the physical body should appear in the resurrection.' This question having been settled, nothing else was left save to adjourn." Mentioning some of the subjects brought out by

the so-called higher criticism he facetiously continues: "Job is not an issue of the present day. What difference does it make to the average mind whether 'the goat in Daniel' is a prophetic or a historic animal; or whether the 'ram with ten horns' was a southdown or a merino; or whether the fish that swallowed Jonah was a shark or a whale? In fact, is it not time to give this man Jonah a rest? Every little while he is brought forward in some pulpit discussion and put through some theological criticism, which, if he can realize it, must make him feel more gloomy over his outlook in life than when cast overboard from the ship."

Chronicle and Comment.

The warfare of society against the saloon goes on unceasing and extending. Everywhere it is placarded as a public foe, to be hedged about with restraints and ultimately banished. Russia is thus awakening to the danger and the authorities are anxiously studying how to fight the baleful traffic. The same difficulty is experienced there as everywhere—saloon-keepers, to increase their profits, adulterating and so aggravating the noxious effects of their liquors. It is a cruel ,murderous traffic. It is this which seems to have stirred up the Russian government. The cant of its dealers is hideous and revolting. We therefore rejoice in every blow struck at the monster. Those blows are telling. It dies hard, but its doom is sealed.

In the death of Collis P. Huntington the world loses one of its greatest financiers. There are those who will say the greatest instead of one of the greatest. Certainly, in railway achievement, he stood at the top. The railroad system of which he was the head is, in mileage, the longest in the world, and it is one of the most thoroughly equipped and best paying systems in existence. By means of that, when certain parts of it were first established as a connecting link between the East and the West, he laid the foundation of an immense fortune. When the four men—Stanford, Huntington, Crocker and Hopkins—began the construction of the Central Pacific eastward from Sacramento to meet the Union Pacific which was building westward from Omaha, they, together, were not worth more than a quarter of a million dollars. It was a gigantic undertaking—one which seemed to most people more likely to end in failure than in success. But its success has long been familiar history. And now the last of those four passes out into the life beyond, leaving a fortune of not less than fifty million dollars. There will be varying estimates as to how much he has sent on before him. That Mr. Huntington has used his great wealth in the best possible way very few will claim. But it is a difficult thing for one who gives his life to money-making to use his accumulations properly. Mr. Huntington devoted his to great business enterprises, and in his judgment this was a good use to make of it. The world will judge him; it may not be a just judgment; but there is One who judges justly. Before that judgment bar he stands, and there we must leave him.

Nearly all of the Presbyterian papers in the East are saying to the Presbyterians of the Pacific Coast that they ought to have a paper published here. The Presbyterian of Philadelphia says: "Our Presbyterian brethren out there, in our judgment, need a paper to represent their special interests from time to time. They will likely realize this before long, and start up another organ of communication between their ministers and churches. But if they do, they should put it on a strong and enduring financial basis. There ought to be enough wealthy Presbyterians in San Francisco and neighboring cities to do this for the sake of the cause." The Herald and Presbyter of Cincinnati says coucerning the proposal of one of the ministers to start a new paper: "We wish him success. The Coast needs a paper, but it will have to begin anew and do what the Occident failed to do with thirty years' prestige. In case of failure, however, the Coast need not be entirely without Presbyterian reading. We offer our services. We are near the same parallel of latitude with the best part of California. We have, and have had for a quarter of a century, a California editor. We keep posted as to California churches, and other enterprises." It seems to us that one of the causes of the failure of the Occident to be financially successful was in the fact that there was a disposition to shirk responsibility. Too many church members neglected to put it in their homes; and others who put it there never paid for it. It is known that one gentleman, anxious now to have another paper started, was owing three years' subscription to the Occident when it suspended. The Presbyterian is right in the thought that there ought to be enough wealthy Presbyterians hereabouts to insure the success of a church paper; but if the membership in general did its duty by subscribing for the paper, the special aid of the wealthy people would be needed only in the making of a better paper than the circulation thus afforded would allow.

The opening exercises of the new term at Pacific Theological Seminary will be held in South Hall, Seminary Hill, on Tuesday, August 21st, at 10:20 a. m. President McLean will deliver the address upon the subject, "Manliness in the Minister." All friends are cordially invited to be present.

Things Seen and Heard in New York City

By E. Lyman Hood.

Sixty guilders, or about twenty-four dollars were paid to "The Lord Sachems of the Manhathes" by the Dutch adventurers in 1623 for the island, thirteen miles long and about two wide, upon which now stands the largest city of America. The island bore the name Manhattan, meaning "the place of drunkenness"; which was certainly ominously prophetic, considering its ten thousand saloons at present. The strugle between righteousness and sin thus began early. Bacon, in his history, quotes: "In 1648 it is boldly asserted in the preamble to a new law that one-fourth of the houses in New Amsterdam were devoted to the sale of strong drink."

From the first settlement the place grew rapidly and was the asylum and home of all nationalities. It was very different in Boston and Philadelphia. They strove to keep themselves as undefiled in blood as they were pure in belief. Remembering that the sons of St. Patrick now rule the former city with religious as well as political zeal, it is amusing and suggestive to quote an early Colonial record: "A man was fined for bringing two Irishmen on shore and ordered to send them at once out of the jurisdiction." The earliest years of New Amsterdam were therefore a prophecy of the cosmopolitan character New York was to attain. Wassanaer, the first historian of our greatest city, says, "Only a few years after the founding of the settlement eighteen languages were spoken by the inhabitants." On Sundays, in a loft over the horse-mill, the scriptures would be read to peoples from many lands. And when the Rev. Jonas Michaelius, their first minister, observed on arrival the Lord's Supper, he broke the bread not alone for the Walloons and Dutch, but before representatives of many nations in the Old World.

For more than half a century there was but the one church mentioned above. In 1697 the Episcopalians came, sustained by the Society in London. Later, the King's farm was ceded to Trinity parish. It is in the very heart of the financial center. The property has been held and wisely administered. It is now the richest church in the world and receives an income of almost half a million dollars. The first Presbyterian church was built in Wall street in 1719. The Baptists organized in 1760 and the Methodists built their first church in John street in 1768. The Roman church and the Hebrews, now so numerous, came long years after, and our own communion was not represented in the city until comparatively recent times.

Three and one-half millions of people now live in Greater New York, as the consolidated municipality is often called. This is more than double the present population of the state of California. In fact, so rapid is its growth, few Americans probably are aware that it is now the second city of the world. Again, it has room to grow, having 359 square miles. London, though in population a million larger, has only 118 square miles. And Paris crowds two and one-half millions (being the third in size), into thirty square miles.

Only half a dozen of all the states of the Union exceed it in population. It is only by the use of such comparisons that we are enabled to comprehend the gigantic problems—political, social, religious—which its very bigness forces upon us. As the crow flies, the consolidated city extends over a parallelogram that may be approximately called thirty-five by twenty miles. Its railways would reach to Chicago and its streets half-way across the continent. Men are now living who can recall the time when such an accumulation of money as a millionaire indicates was unknown. Now it is sometimes called the city of the millionaires, and the taxable wealth amounts to ten billions. Only two of the states equal the city in wealth.

With such facts as these before us, the problem of the church in evangelizing the multitudes is apparent. About two millions dwell upon the island of Manhattan. No portion of the globe, of equal area, is so densely populated. Where the people are most densely crowded and the poorest, the churches are the fewest and most poorly manned. Churches continue to move up town. They were organized, perchance, when the wards were sparsely filled; now, when thousands crowd the towering buildings, the churches move away. The percentage of Protestant churches to the population has decreased until it is only half what it was fifty years ago. No other city of the Union, nor any state, shows such disproportion. Only seven per cent of the people of Manhattan is allied with the evangelical organizations. That even this small percentage is growing smaller year by year is certain. Although the island and all its suburbs are increasing with marvelous strides, this growth does not help Protestantism. The movements of the people are making radical changes. What we are pleased to term "the American element" is moving out into the surrounding regions. The Hudson river region, New Jersey, Connecticut and Long Island are being transformed by this overflow. Meanwhile, the hundreds of thousands of living freight landed by the big ocean lines have no ambition to go farther, but settle in the crowded quarters of the city. It is America—that is enough.

Few places in the great city have more lessons to teach than the Barge Office, where the steerage passengers are landed, inspected and passed on. No one can spend an hour there this summer without realizing the character of immigration has changed greatly in recent

years. A visit to Castle Garden years ago would show incoming home-seekers from all the countries of Europe, especially from the northern nations. Now it is the reverse. The dirty, illiterate, swarthy-skinned newcomers are from the southern lands, mostly. Italians, Poles, Bohemians, Spaniards, Greeks are most in evidence. And we know from government reports that the more northern peoples—Scandinavians, Germans, English and French—are emigrating to Africa, South America and the Orient. It is needless to say that of the majority coming to our land, today, nearly all are at least nominally in the Roman church. In few places of the world does the Pope rule so many subjects.

A few weeks ago one of the comic papers gave a full-page picture to illustrate the present tendency in the business activities of the city. Broadway, the chief artery of a nation's commerce, was represented. There were the high buildings, the rushing crowds and the conspicuous signs, "Levy & Son," "Schwartz, Lowitski & Co.," "Cohn, Guggenheim & Rheinfelder." (Reminds me, by the way, of Market street, San Francisco.) Around a man with a street telescope an anxious throng had gathered. The instrument was pointed to a small sign, far up on a sky-scraper opposite, "John Smith." Under the picture were the significant words, "The last American sign on Broadway."

Financially, socially, religiously, the Hebrews have made tremendous progress. Poland, which contains five millions of Jews—half of all in the world—is sending them over by the thousands. Heretofore the German element has dominated the Hebrews of America. But the Russian Jew is gaining very rapidly. The latter are more orthodox, more ritualistic, more united, and are not without wise leadership. Sixty synagogues are now sustained. One of our most honored pastors told me: "Sixteen years ago, when we erected this building, we were in the midst of a strong constituency. A canvass just made by our church shows that in this avenue, for two blocks each side of the church, every house but one is occupied by Jews." That pastor has resigned and a new shepherd is undertaking to seek out the scattered sheep.

The Welsh were the first to organize a church of our order in New York city. That was seventy-five years ago. The membership is about 150 and the congregation is not large. The Tabernacle church on Broadway has long been our citadel of strength. Distinguished preachers in the past drew thousands within its walls. Years before the retirement of Dr. Wm. Taylor, however, the multitude went elsewhere and its former popularity has not returned. Under the energetic leadership of the present able pastor, Dr. Chas. E. Jefferson, this famous church has taken on new strength and faith. Its property has become enormously valuable (at least worth half a million dollars) and its charities carry life and light throughout the world. But its own problems are momentous. It is a church of old people.

Four years ago, when Dr. Stimson left the Tabernacle, eighty-one withdrew to form the Manhattan church under his leadership. They have since worshipped in a hall, but have attained increasing strength and are planning to build. After a quarter of a century of heroic service Dr. Virgin has recently retired from Pilgrim. He will be greatly missed.

Brooklyn, now a part of the great city, presents a very different aspect. It has often been called "the bed-room of New York." Its population is more largely "American." We Congregationalists were very late in starting churches there, the oldest being only fifty-four years old. It is, therefore, remarkable that the churches have prospered to an almost unparalleled degree. Among the twenty-five in number, seven have more than a thousand members each. One, the Tompkins Avenue, over which Dr. Meredith presides, has now 2,300 members and is the largest of our order in the world. Dr. Dewey has entered upon his work as the successor of the beloved Dr. Storrs and is energetically grappling with the many intricate problems of a "down town church." Old Plymouth, under Newell Dwight Hillis, is moving forward, preserving and honoring old traditions, and yet using new methods to meet changing conditions. The death of Dr. Behrends startled even that large city. He was a man of tremendous personality and of fearless courage. He seemed the picture of health and his sudden collapse should be a warning to our churches, which, unlike the better wisdom of some communions, put all the work upon the one pastor.

The search for his successor has emphasized the fact that not only our leading church in Manhattan is guided by a pastor trained in another denomination, but these large churches of Brooklyn all chose ministers born and reared in other bodies. Meredith came from the Methodists, Hillis from the Presbyterians, Behrends from the Baptists. This indicates, if nothing else, that the day of high denominational fences is past.

We can't choose happiness either for ourselves or for another; we can't tell where that will lie. We can only choose whether we will indulge ourselves in the present moment or whether we will renounce that for the sake of obeying the divine voice within us—for the sake of being true to all the motives that sanctify our lives.—[George Eliot.

That pulpit is best filled which helps most to fill heaven.

Working and Shirking.

[Sermon by the Rev. Wm. Rader, preached in the Third Congregational church, San Francisco, Sunday morning, July 26th.]

Text: Eccles. ix: 10—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

That our hands are fitted for some special work, seems to be implied in this text. God has made everybody and everything for a purpose, and to discern this purpose is to find the secret of our strength. We are called by our gifts. It used to be supposed that ministers only were called. I do not hold this view. Every man is called to that which his hands are fitted to do; it may be the guiding of a ship, the use of the hoe or the pen, or the brush or the hammer. Everybody can do some thing better than anybody else. It is that (if we discover it), to which we are called. Was not Raphael "called" as surely as John Knox? Was not Columbus "chosen" to discover America as surely as Mr. Moody was to save America? It is a wise saying of Bushnell that every man's life is a plan of God.

To mistake our calling is a serious and often fatal blunder. How often do we see the square stick in the round hole; the blacksmith in the pulpit, the preacher at the anvil, the farmer as a lawyer, and the lawyer as a business man. The violation of God's gifts, the abuse and misuse of faculties, puts a man out of his place and insures his failure. A boy goes to college to find himself—to discover the thing his hands would do.

He who is in the wrong place will never be "the right man." He is like a stone in a temple, set in the superstructure when it belongs in the foundation. Some of us do not belong in the dome, but under the surface of things; in the foundation wall. Who would say that the bottom of the cathedral is less important than the top?

This is a world of work. The fields and forests, the grass and trees, the sea and sky all labor. The bee and bird and fish and insect are busy. Man alone is lazy. We are all workers or shirkers, doing the work our hands find to do or shrinking from the tasks God gives us.

Whatever our hands find to do—do it. Here is the rub. How many there be who run away from their work. Everywhere we find people escaping the work God has thrust before them; running from the rifle or the pen, or some commonplace duty. They run away from the darkness to the light, from the commonplace to the remarkable, and from the private duty to the public trust. There was a time when our Lord raised the question as to the purpose and meaning of His sufferings, when the revelation came with illuminating help: "For this cause came I into the world." Such is the message to every great soul. There are times in life when this is all we hear—for this was I born, this is my mission in life; therefore will I do my work with all my might. It must have come to Lincoln that he was created to emancipate the slaves and unite the nation. How invincible one becomes when he finds his divine place in the world and discovers God's will in his labor!

There are people who wish to break away from a necessary but humble task, who have been disappointed in the realization of the earlier dreams and who are compelled to stay by some obscure post. My message is, Do the work God has given you. Are you at home taking care of mother—giving a cup of cold water—making the sunset of her life cloudless? Stay there and do the work without worry. Are you called upon to take up some burden, to remain far below your ideal and drink some cup of bitterness? It may be that this is just where God expects you to be, and you are doing more good than if your name was heralded over the world. Blessed is the hero whose name is on the calendar, but thrice blessed is the hero whose name is unknown. It is more pleasant to be on the ship's bridge in glittering uniform than to be a begrimed "stoker" in the furnace, but without the "stoker" shoveling in the coal, how helpless the captain! The little and almost invisible tendrils of screw and steel which hold the locomotive together may not be admired by the casual observer who sees only the bright bell and the throbbing cylinder, but they are necessary. That life is a success which is necessary, no matter where it is lived. The dead failure is the useless, purposeless, shirking life.

If you have a work, do it. Is it teaching a class in Sunday-school, nursing the sick, lifting a mortgage, visiting the poor, saving a state, preaching on the frontier—do it, and do it mightily, because, says the author of Ecclesiastes, you will have no opportunity to do these things on the other side of the grave. If you mean to make anything of your life, begin at once. If you believe in charity, fidelity and Christian work, now is the time to show it. If anybody has a desire to do his work in the world, let him do it before he dies, "for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."

We are to do it with our might. The Hebrew meaning of his word "might" is power, endurance, strength. It means, therefore, that we should enter into our work with all our resources. Few of us—yea, none of us—do our very best. We do not throw all our energies into our labors. We do not command all our resources. But it is this element of might which, mixed with our brains, brings things to pass. Analysis of this term yields the following characteristic factors of success: It contains the principle of patience.

Everywhere do we see patience—in the slow swelling of the root and bud and the gradual development of natural life. Nature is never in a hurry. Men are. Revolutions are often men's repudiation of evolution. A revolutionist is a man in a hurry.

The assassin of King Humbert was a fool in a hurry. Patience sobers, strengthens and sweetens labor. There is something admirable in the fact that a man will spend twenty years on a bronze door, sixteen years on a mosaic, or forty years on the frescoes of a ceiling. The patient workers are the mighty workers.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly,
But grind they exceeding fine."

Seriousness is in this "might." By seriousness is not meant solemnity. There is a difference between the serious and the solemn. This is a serious world; which is to say, living is a serious business. Life is not a holiday. It is not a picnic, but it means the best endeavor, the best use of all our powers. The smallest things in life are becoming more and more to assume places of transcendent importance. This is the age of the microscope. The atom and crystal are as vitally important as the mountain and the sea. Men are finding worlds in worlds, forces in forces, and duties in duties. This world is made of particles. The unit is being recognized as an integral part of the universal mass. Our lives are made up of small joys and small worries. Character is composed of small pigments of weakness and strength. I charge you, young men, to look upon life as a mighty serious task, and to live it soberly and in earnest. You cannot be men of might unless you emphasize the small duties and experiences soberly, honestly, seriously. Oh, for the earnest man in these days of transient follies! Oh, for granite in a century of soap bubbles!

Enthusiasm is a necessary adjunct to might. Enthusiasm gives color and tone to life. It is fire and force and impetus. It is impulse and inspiration. The engine is helpless without fire. Life is a blank without enthusiasm. It helped Napoleon cross the Alps, and it has given skill to the chisel and brush, and encouragement to the world's best workers. When a man loses his enthusiasm his steam escapes. Let us not be afraid of downright earnestness. Better be a crank than a corpse. Brace up and screw your courage to the sticking point.

It is an earnest and commendable devotion to a cause, a belief, a work, a responsibility. The people who do work which they hate had better find one of two things—a new enthusiasm or a new work.

Personality is power. This is the fourth ingredient of Christian service. By putting personality into work is meant the giving of ourselves. Personality is the best and highest gift we possess. When we throw personality into labor, we cast in the soul's jewel. When Dante wrote he gave himself. It is Dante we read, not what he wrote. When Shakespeare wrote he put himself in his words. Therefore we read, very properly, "Shakespeare." The Bible is filled with living personalities, from cover to cover. Therefore the Bible is more than a work of skill; it is a work of art. Wherever personality has been printed or painted or carved, we have art. All else is simply skill or ingenuity. The man who works and holds himself back, withholds the best. He is a shirker. When he boldly, heroically gives his personality, he becomes a man of power. The mind has hands which must work and grasp and solve. The soul has hands, beautiful white hands, which must work the delicate tasks of the spirit. Many a man works with his physical hands who keeps the hands of his soul idle. We are never quite at our best unless our souls are active. A lazy soul is worse than a lazy body. Is your soul doing anything, or is it slumbering on the pillow of spiritual indifference? Our souls build the mansions of the future, and when they move and work and construct the whole man moves. The soul carries all with it. If our spiritual lives respond to even the ordinary duties of life, then we are inspired to do our best.

My appeal is for a spirit of brave endeavor to do one's work, not without ambition to do a larger work, nor for an increased skill and capacity. It is an appeal to the sense of responsibility in all whose hands find something to do. Do not shirk public or private obligations. Some of us are called to do work which is bitter medicine, and we squirm and cry aloud as does the helpless child, lifted in the parental arms to receive the dose that cures. But we must take it. It is best. We must not shrink from duty. Some men go through life dodging this and that obligation, carrying their own personal comfort, as a football player dodges the opposition, running hither and thither with the ball under his arm.

Let us be men in the solution of problems and in the execution of tasks. In his old age Carlyle wrote: "I've had but one thing to say from beginning to end, and that was that there's no reliance for this world or any other but just the Truth, and that if men did not want to be damned to all eternity they had best give up lying and all kinds of falsehood; that the world was far gone already through lying, and that there's no hope for it but just so far as men find out and believe the truth, and match their own lives to it."

"Whatever the ratio of the population," says James Russell Lowell, "the average amount of human nature to the square mile is the same the world over."

Notes on a Trip to the Mother Country.

II—Impressions of English Congregationalism.

By Frank H Foster.

Our tour was primarily one of recreation, not one of study. But a course of lectures at one of the Congregational theological schools, the United College at Bradford, naturally led to some observations on Congregational matters. This school is finely housed in a building of a Gothic style, provided with a regular faculty of four professors, and has thirty-eight students. Congregationalism is strong in that stronghold of dissent, Yorkshire. I preached one Sunday in Halifax, close by, and found a large, fine stone edifice filled with an interesting congregation of mill-owners, merchants, and the like. Even remote country spots, like Wilsden, high on the moors, have large and commodious houses of worship, with manse and school house. Dr. Berry's church in Wolverhampton, where I preached another Sunday, has a large, central house of worship, and a group of outlying chapels, supplied with preaching by the deacons of the mother church. It is a working church of the best kind. Mansfield College in Oxford has achieved a universal fame. Its buildings compare very favorably with other colleges in Oxford, having chapel, hall, dormitories, lecture rooms and principal's residence, in fine Oxford-Gothic style. In Cambridge we have a fine large church, served by Dr. Forsyth, who made himself famous at our International Council. Dissent is strong in England, numbering about half of the population, and Congregationalism is strong among the dissenters.

Some of the features of church life strike an American at once as novel. Preaching in Halifax, you will be preceded from vestry to pulpit by the sexton, who will solemnly carry "the books" and ushered in by a deacon. The service in this church was elaborate; versicles, introit, suffrages and responsive devotions forming regular portions of it. But most remarkable and commendable was the music. The chants and anthems, like the hymns, were from the hymn-book, and the congregation sang them all, and sang them well. There was no mere show singing, nothing done by the choir for the congregation, but all sang everything together.

I am led here to say that in music the English are far in advance of us. The "Congregational Church Hymnal," by Dr. Barrett and E. J. Hopkins, organist to the Temple, quite generaly used, is a book which might be adopted by us with great advantage. It has 774 hymns, all set to high-class music, as might be expected from Dr. Hopkins. They furnish an excellent variety, and are of deeply evangelical tone. But the second half of the book is the remarkable part. Here you have litanies, chants and anthems embracing the old standard chants, such as "O Come, Let Us Sing," passages of Scripture for chanting, such as large portions of the psalter, other psalms, like Ex xv: 1-13, 17, 18, and still other portions, like Isa. xl: 1-11, 28-31. The anthems with their music alone occupy 446 pages. If our churches now looking for new hymn-books could adopt and thoroughly put into use this most excellent book, the devotional character of our services would be greatly improved.

English Congregationalism suffers under some disadvantages. The social and religious ostracism practiced by the Episcopal church is more pervasive and offensive than with us, and very much more important because of the relatively greater importance of this church in England. The Congregationalist still finds himself largely shut out from access to the best culture and best social life of the nation, although he can now send his sons to the universities, and often sees them bear off the honors. The result is a steady secession of the wealthier members of Congregational churches to the establishment. Sometimes this tendency is quickened by the coarseness of the attacks of some liberal ministers upon cherished articles of Christian faith—for, as here, there are some such liberals in England. But while Congregationalism maintains a strong evangelical pulpit it will hold the thinking elements of the middle class—the best class in any nation. In the established church there is little preaching which grapples with real, human needs and difficulties. While men are men they will go to hear preaching that does, and they can still find it in Congregational pulpits. Mansfield College, Oxford, has a steady series of able men in its pulpit every Sunday, and its large audiences are chiefly made up of university men, not all Congregationalists, who are attracted to hear such men as the preacher of the evening that I attended—Prof. Geo. Adam Smith of Glasgow.

The plan of our trip precluded many calls on Congregational notables—indeed, we called on less and less as we proceeded on our way. But we saw something of Dr. Fairbairn of Oxford. His study is a large and pleasant room, filled with a large library. Here he burns midnight oil, for he is a great worker. He does not neglect the physical man, however, for he rides the wheel and plays golf of afternoons. His address is pleasant, though he exhibits considerable Scotch reserve of manner, and he will do what he can to make the visit of any American to Oxford pleasant. His work at Oxford places him, in fact, at the head of English Congregational forces. He is successfully building up a great theological school. He has the ear of the public and can have access to any of the great publications of the country for what he may wish to write on theological and ecclesiastical sub-

jects. He deserves cordial support from his brethren, and he is receiving it abundantly.

Dr. Forsyth of Cambridge is an able and earnest preacher. He discussed original sin in the morning discourse we heard. The substance of it would have pleased Americans, and his evident desire to preserve the important evangelical truth while rejecting false theological excrescences was indicative of the conservative and constructive character of his work. He has a compact following of picked university men. In private we found him sociable, courteous and painstaking in our behalf. He is a wide reader and close student and will be more heard of in the future.

Personal friendship may make me too partial in my estimate of Dr. Simon, Principal at Bradford. Going in early manhood to Germany for the university education then denied to dissenters at home, Dr. Simon has been a student and interpreter of German thought ever since. Like many of the *thorough* German scholars, he has not trusted nor followed the extreme radicals. Now on the borders of old age, he stands for evangelical truth, though quite individual and independent in his formulation and defense of it. He exercises a gracious hospitality, and possesses a most charming manner. It is significant that, possessing the reputation of being one of the most conservative of English theologians, his school is at present the largest in number of students among Congregationalists.

The Germans in China.

Just before the outbreak in China Mary H. Krout, a missionary in the province of Shantung, wrote as follows in a letter to the Chicago Interior:

This province is the chief sphere of German activity, and it is generally acknowledged that the Germans are not successful colonists. They are too stubborn, too opinionated, too violent, to deal with people of whose manners and customs they know nothing. There has been in Germany itself, during the reign of the present Emperor, a lapse into medievalism that ill accords with the progressive spirit of the twentieth century; and it is a like spirit of medievalism that the Germans are carrying into their Eastern concessions. There are hundreds of Germans engaged in business in the East who refuse to live in the German colonies, and who have taken up their abode in those cities where they can come under the more liberal rule of Great Britain, and count upon the protection of the British flag.

"So far as the situation in Shantung is concerned there is no doubt but that the present attitude of the people has been largely influenced by an act of gratuitous brutality which occurred last October, for the truth of which I can personally vouch, and which might well rouse the Chinese to resistance and retaliation.

"The story, if known at all in the United States, has attracted no attention and has called forth no comment. In October, as I have said, two Germans set out upon a journey across the country from one of the smaller interior towns. They were accompanied by two Chinese servants, a father and son. It could not be learned that they had been guilty of any misconduct, but one of the Germans, in a fit of blind brute rage, struck the boy in the head, killing him instantly. Realizing what they had done, and wishing to escape the anger of the people, the murderer and his companion hurried back to the town and sought refuge in the house of a missionary. He, not knowing what had happened, gave them his hospitality—a thing that no missionary in China ever refuses those who come to his door.

"In the meantime, the poor father picked up the dead body of his son, and also returned to the town, followed by an angry multitude; he went before a Chinese magistrate and demanded the punishment of the murderer which would have been accorded anywhere else. The magistrate said that nothing could be done except through the German consul in the nearest treaty port, who would then have to refer the case to the German Minister at Peking. With all the circumlocution that this involved it was of course evident that nothing would be done; the father had seen his son murdered, without provocation, in cold blood, and there was not the smallest chance of bringing his slayer to justice. Before the missionaries had been informed of what had occurred, the two Germans had departed, and they had innocently given them asylum, virtually protecting them from the consequences of their lawlessness and cruelty.

"These are the simple facts of the case, which can be corroborated by unquestionable proofs. It is not difficult to see how the ignorant masses, unaware of the imposition that had been practiced upon them, could be incited to retaliate upon the innocent missionaries, notwithstanding the fact that the missionaries themselves, afterwards, endeavored to redress the wrongs of the poor father, bereaved of his son, the reliance and protection of his old age.

"The prejudice against the missionaries can usually be traced to some such cause as this, and their most violent opponents and their most active enemies are not the Chinese who are incited to burn, slay and kill, but men like the two Germans in the instance narrated above.

"The course pursued by our own government in the case of a murder committed by an American while under the influence of liquor is a wholesome contrast to the indifference of the German representatives. As soon as the

U. S. Consul General in Shanghai was notified he proceeded at once to Canton where the crime was committed. The defendant was tried, as the Consular law provides, and after a careful inquiry into the circumstances was sentenced to imprisonment for life in the United States prison attached to the Consulate in Shanghai. It has not been necessary for the outraged authorities to appeal to the violence of the "Great Sword Society," or any other, and the missionaries were not made to suffer for the injustice and laxity of European or American civil authorities, for which they are now so often held responsible by the unenlightened and unthinking Chinese."

Past Experiences in China.

A Washington correspondent of the Boston Transcript writes as follows concerning the inhuman treatment accorded foreigners who were in China forty years ago to secure the signing of a treaty:

The detailed and correct story of that time, as told in the biographies of "Chinese" Gordon, suggests some significant parallels with the situation of today. It seems that the emperor then on the throne tried to parley after the relief expedition had been organized and got ready for its start. Lord Elgin answered that there would be no further negotiations until the envoys were released. Prince Kung, in his next communication, evaded the issue, but assured the foreign governments that the envoys had been, and still were, treated with every consideration. Thereupon word was given for the advance upon Peking. Gordon and his army reached the city walls on October 6th, and sent word to Prince Kung that he would be given twelve hours to open one of the gates. The Chinese still attempted to negotiate, but Gordon busied himself getting his heavy guns into position for the bombardment. Just before the time limit expired Prince Kung sent word that he was willing to submit, and that the prisoners would be given up.

The gates were opened, and those of the prisoners who survived were brought out in iron cages. Thirteen had died under the terrible torture which had been inflicted upon them, and the survivors were in a condition which language fails to express. This was what inspired the terrible pillage and ruin that followed, including the burning of the Summer Palace, and the destruction or loot of $20,000,000 worth of stationary and movable property. The palace was made up of a group of magnificent buildings covering several square miles, its rooms, in addition to their beautiful and costly furniture, were stored with woven silks, robes ornamented with gold and silver, porcelain of every description, art treasures from foreign countries, and large quantities of precious metals and stones. "We could not plunder properly," wrote Gordon, in his reports of the affair. "Gold ornaments were burned, being mistaken for brass. It was wretchedly demoralizing work for an army. Everybody was wild for plunder."

When the treaty conceded by China was finally signed, it embodied a provision for the payment of an indemnity of $14,000,000; $50,000 for the support of the family of each Englishman who had died and $2,500 for the family of each native soldier who had died in captivity. The other provisions were the same as those embodied in the document which the Chniese emperor had promised to sign a year before, at the meeting at Tung Chew, where the envoys were taken prisoners.

Missionary Work in Porto Rico.

The American Missionary Association has received a report from Charles B. Scott, Santurce, Porto Rico, concerning educational conditions there. The report says that of the 950,000 inhabitants of Porto Rico only about 100,000 can read or write; 85 per cent of the adult population are illiterate. Of the 200,000 children from five to sixteen years of age, all the schools, public and private, can accommodate about 30,000. The average daily attendance in all the schools of the island during the past year has not been more than 20,000 to 25,000.

The school population (five to sixteen years of age) of San Juan is about 6,000. The total seating capacity of all schools in the capital, public and private, is not more than 1,500.

There have been during the past year in the public schools of San Juan nine or ten American teachers; forty more American teachers are scattered through the public schools of the island. About twenty are gentlemen acting as supervisors of districts and superintendents of city schools.

The American Missionary Association of the Congregational churches has had during the past year seven American teachers in Porto Rico, divided between Santurce, a suburb of San Juan, and Lares.

Porto Rico is divided for educational purposes into fifteen districts, each with an American supervisor in charge of from 30 to 40 schools. These gentlemen must ride hundreds of miles, largely on native ponies, over poor roads and poorer mountain trails, inspecting the schools and helping, directing and often stirring up the native teachers. The schools of the American Missonary Association have enrolded over 300 children.

The great problem in Porto Rico will be rural education. Probably 800,000 of its 950,000 people live in the country or in hamlets. The cities are already providing for teachers' training schools. The field of greatest usefulness for the American Missionary Association lies in giving the young men and young wo-

men a fair education under Christian influences and sending them out into the country and village schools. The education most needed in Porto Rico is practical, industrial education.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President .....Mrs. H. E. Jewett
2511 Benvenue Avenue, Berkeley.
Treasurer.....Mrs. S. M. Dodge
1275 Sixth Avenue, Oakland.
Home Secretary.....Mrs. C. B. Bradley
2639 Durant Avenue, Berkeley.
Home Secretary.....Mrs. W. J. Wilcox
576 East Fourteenth Street, Oakland.
Treasurer.....Young Ladies' Branch
Miss Grace Goodhue, 1722 Geary Street.

A Song of Trust.

I cannot always see the way that leads
To heights above;
I sometimes quite forget he leads me on
With hand of love;
But yet I know the path must lead me to
Immanuel's land,
And when I reach life's summit I shall know
And understand.

I cannot always trace the onward course
My ship must take;
But looking backward, I behold afar,
Its shining wake
Illumined with God's light of love, and so
I onward go,
In perfect trust that he who holds the helm,
The course must know.

I cannot always see the plan on which
He builds my life,
For oft the sound of hammers, blow on blow,
The noise of strife,
Confuses me till I quite forget he knows
And oversees,
And that in all details, with his good plan
My life agrees.

I cannot always know and understand
The Master's rule;
I cannot always do the tasks he gives
In life's hard school;
But I am learning, with his help, to solve
Them, one by one,
And when I cannot understand, to say,
"Thy will be done."

—*Gertrude Benedict Curtis, Kyoto, Japan.*

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will be held in the First church, San Francisco, corner Post and Mason streets, September 5th—Wednesday—beginning at ten o'clock a. m. and continuing through the day. Lunch will be served at the church, for which a charge of fifteen cents will be made, except to missionaries and delegates from the interior. A fine program has been prepared, consisting of the annual reports, including a ten years' review by the President, Mrs. H. E. Jewett, and missionary addresses, interspersed with music. The latest news from China will be given. Mrs. W. C. Day of Los Angeles and Mrs. Wm. Rader of San Francisco, delegates from the Board to the Ecumenical Council, will present their reports.

Delegate's Meeting.

A delegates' meeting will be held on Tuesday, September 4th, at the church, San Francisco. The various Branch reports will be given at this meeting, and also auxiliary reports. A general conference as to ways and means will be held, and plans for the future will be discussed.

Auxiliaries, Attention!

Be sure and see that you are each represented at this annual meeting, by individuals, if possible, sending a good, large delegation. If you are far away, combine and pay the expenses of one delegate—if that is impossible, send a written report. Remember that your money must be in before the first of September. Send a generous contribution, making sure that you reach the assignment sent you by our Home Secretaries. Then the "Twentieth Century Fund" aims to secure for the present, imperative needs of the American Board work all extra monies possible, to the amount of one hundred twenties, which means two thousand extra dollars. A part of this is already pledged—the first payment made to this fund through Mrs. Dodge was a ten-dollar gold piece from a returned missionary. Let us continue the payment of the regular funds, and the extra gold pieces, till the treasury the first of Septemer is full to overflowing. There never was such need as now. We in our comfortable homes, with our luxuries—can we not spare from our abundance? Our gospel and our Christ have proved an inspiration, through terrible scenes of fire and flood in other lands; shall we not be inspired to some little self-denial, some sacrifice for His dear sake?

To the Treasurers of the Auxiliaries.

You are requested to send to the treasurer, Mrs. S. M. Dodge, 1275 Sixth avenue, Oakland, Cal., all money collected for foreign missions before September first, so that the annual report may be prepared on time.

"Thy kingdom come" we cry, and say
We've done our part—we've learned to pray.
But hands are idle now alway;
The purse is closed; our lips are mute
Where Christ is held in disrepute.
"Go preach my word," says Christ, and lo!
We answer, "Lord, excuse us, no;
We have our grain to reap and sow;
Our barns, so large, we have to fill;
Our cattle tend upon the hill;
Our land is rough and hard to till;
We have our families to feed;
We *must* lay by for future need.
Thou wilt excuse us, Lord, we know,
And bless us still: we cannot go."

The Sunday-School.

Notes by Rev. Burton M. Palmer.

Jesus, the Good Shepherd (John x: 1-16).

LESSON IX. August 26, 1900.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"*The good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.*" (John x: 11).

Introduction.

Time: October, A. D. 29.

Place: Jerusalem.

Connection: For the last lesson we studied the first part of the story of the man born blind. If we finished that story in our private study, we finished the chapter, and there are no further connecting links. The present lesson begins the next chapter, but it is quite unlikely that it was the beginning of a new address. The formula of the double "Verily" is elsewhere always used in summing up and clinching the important thoughts of an address rather than in introducing a new sermon. Probably many of those who had heard Jesus declare himself as the light and the truth, and had seen what he did for the blind man, stayed near enough to him as he went about the temple and city, to hear his further declarations regarding himself as the Shepherd. It may even be that some pastoral scene by the Sheep-Gate led to his use of this beautiful figure. He who was Master of language as well as Master of hearts then continued his former theme with this new illustration.

Lesson Notes.

V. 1. "Verily, verily." The double note of emphasis given only with important truths. "Sheepfold." A yard or corral, high-walled and often palisaded, into which different shepherds might lead their flocks at night for safety. The Eastern custom was that one of the under-shepherds should lock the gate on the inside and sleep in the enclosure. "Thief" and "robber." The Greek words differ somewhat as our words "sneak-thief" and "highwayman."

V. 2. "The Shepherd." Some would read "a shepherd." In the morning each shepherd would return to call out his sheep.

V. 3. "The porter." This is a detail of the allegory that would probably better not be pressed. It is left uninterpreted in Christ's re-casting of the parable in the later verses. "He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out." Precisely the way those shepherds with their small petted flocks separated their own in the morning.

V. 4. "Hath put forth all his own" (R. V.). The shepherd would wait till he made sure that all of his flock had come out.

V. 5. "A stranger," etc. Such flocks of sheep can be led by their shepherd's voice even through streets where many people are coming and going.

V. 6. "This parable." This is not the usual word for "parable," and is only translated "parable" in this one instance in the New Testament. Nor has this passage the form of a parable. It is rather an allegory. "They understood not." Did not see the spiritual meaning. Jesus now makes two applications of the preceding allegory, identifying himself with the Door and with the Shepherd, too. As Rev. C. I. Schofield once well said, "To the unsaved he is the Door, to the saved he is the Shepherd."

V. 7. "Jesus therefore said" (R. V.). Because they did not understand.

V. 8. "All that came before me are thieves and robbers." Interpretations of this have varied. Our conclusion is that the preceding chapters furnish the key to the meaning. If so, those who had assumed to open and shut the door of heaven for others are the ones he brands as robbers. Those who had tried to stone Jesus himself from the gates of his Father's house (viii: 59); those who had intimidated parents with fear of excommunication from the synagogue and kept them from thanking God for a son's recovery (ix: 21-22); those who had "cast out" the man himself for saying that Jesus was from God (ix: 33-34); all those "*are* thieves and robbers" (note the present tense to apply to Pharisees present in his audience). "But the sheep did not hear them." It is never said of the Pharisees that "the common people heard them gladly."

V. 9. The door of the fold was the means of the sheep finding safety at night and liberty and pasture in the morning, and by both means it "saved." The spiritual analogy is as obvious as it is beautiful.

V. 10. "I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly." The sheep that are saved in the fold at night have life; the abundance comes when they are further led out to pasture. Here, too, comment is not needed to point out the analogy, but obedience is needed to enjoy the experience of the more abundant life.

V. 11. "I am the good shepherd." Any one figure is inadequate to shadow forth the whole work of Christ. The Door shows part: it opens into safety; it opens out to opportunity. But the figure of the Shepherd carries further. The remaining verses of our lesson picture that.

Vs. 14, 15. These verses should be studied from the Revised Version. As given there more clearly we see that the spiritual intimacy which Christ was having with the Father, we may have with Christ. "I lay down my life for the sheep." Another prophecy of his death (cf. Matt. xvi: 21).

V. 16. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring." Undoubtedly this means the Gentiles. These are the words on Livingstone's tomb in Westminster Abbey. "And they shall become one flock,

one shepherd." The unity is a unity not of place, as one fold, but a unity of relationship to the common Shepherd, "one flock."

Reflections.

Other shepherds may protect and sustain spiritual life, but Christ alone can give it.

Christ was "in the bosom of the Father"; yet as he knew the Father we can know him.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Ministering to Christ. (Matt. xxv: 31-46.

Topic for August 19th.

Here is a passage of Scripture where one must exercise the greatest care. Wide diversities of opinion have been held regarding the interpretation of this scene, and fierce controversies have taken place over it. It is one of the most solemn utterances of our Lord, and we ought to see some of the clear points first before we plunge into the more obscure questions that arise in our minds.

Notice that the separation is made before the award is given. It is a previous and a distinct act of itself. Observe also that these deeds of service and ministration are not mentioned in connection with the separation, but are entirely connected with the awards bestowed upon the two parties. What these multitudes had or had not done is not here given as the reason of their division into contrasted companies, but as the cause of the differing inheritance.

* * *

We are not told in this address what was the basis of this separation, because this was not the subject upon which he was talking. He had just been giving the parable of the talents, and impressing upon his hearers the great truths concerning the rewards to be given in the day of final reckoning. So this picture with which the chapter closes has to do with the inheritance and not with the reason why some were classed with the sheep and some with the goats. Elsewhere he makes it plain that men will be convinced of sin "because they believe not on me." This is a good time to place distinctly in our minds that the basis of acceptance with God is whether men have taken Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior or not. The awards to be given depend upon the fidelity of service or the lack of it. In these days of salvation by beggar-feeding, rather than through repentance and faith, this distinction here ought to be noted.

* * *

Another important feature of this portrayal is the positive and the negative character of the life that determined the awards. Those who failed did not lose because of a list of terrible misdeeds. Their loss was occasioned by their omissions. They did not do such things as entitled them to the inheritance. The others to whom the award was given had filled their life by positive activities in service. Nothing is said of the degree of holiness or unholiness in either case. It is a plain balancing of a man's service in the work of Christ with the rewards he is to receive for that service.

* * *

It is also striking that both recipients are unconscious of the life that has determined their several conditions. The blessed ones do not know when they did the things enumerated, and the rejected do not recall the omissions which are specified. This is remarkable. Men who are building their hopes of eternal felicity and rewards upon their morals and charities are not usually unconscious of their good deeds. The "young ruler" said to Jesus: "What lack I yet?" The scene seems an impossible one if it is to be concluded that all on the left hand had never fed the hungry or clothed the naked or done any act of kindness to the sick. The decisive quality which rendered each unconscious of the real merit of his life and service, after all, was in the spirit of the man. He who is really brave is usually unconscious of his valor. The truly generous are not made so by a succession of carefully planned gifts, but the liberal soul must thus express itself. The tree determines the fruit.

* * *

How, then, shall we make sure of this inheritance? How shall we fill our lives with "ministering to Christ"? There is only one answer: Have his spirit. The degree of love within us determines the extent and the character of what we do outwardly. Nothing is so self-forgetful as love. Love constantly feels that it is not doing enough for the object of its affections. Love is ever asking "What more can I do?" Jacob toiled seven years for Rachel, and the record says: "They seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her." Then, when by fraud he was deprived of the object of his long labor, he delved seven years more, in the drought by day and the frost by night, as he declared. Every stroke was for Rachel. He bore the cold and endured the heat and thought little of it because the love of Rachel filled all his vision.

* * *

This is the secret of ministering to Christ. It is such a love as will make us forgetful of ourselves and our hardships and our self-denials, in our eagerness and joy in thinking constantly of Jesus. We will give and serve and bear and toil with our Lord in every stroke. But little can we minister with this out-flowing love unless we are first infilled by him. We cannot command the presence of love. It comes by a faithful use of the means

which our Lord uses to increase its control of our soul. It may seem tame to say it, but if the simple services of prayer and preaching and Bible study are constantly attended with this intent, that love will flood our being and unconsciously we shall minister to Christ in all these ways, until the inheritance will be ours.

Home Circle.

O God, our Father! unto Whom we cry,
We know, past doubting, Thou indeed art nigh,
By all Thy doings ere we saw this light,
By what shall follow when we sleep in night;
We know, our Father, Thou wilt keep the right.

The world is Thine, and it can but go
As Thou dost utter, "Let it be so."
But all shall smoothen, in Thine own good time,—
The rude, rough clanging turn to Sabbath chime:
There is no ruin in Thy plan sublime.

God's Personal Care.

The earth and the lily springing from it hold lessons of God's loving providence and teach man the secret of tranquility. Agassiz found a lily on the banks of the Amazon whose cup was measured by feet and not by inches; found birds so beautiful that he called them birds of paradise. But even our humble lilies of the valley and our field sparrows have wit to tell of nature's overruling care. The lily's lesson is that each blossom carries an equipment of root and leaf fitting it to fully achieve those ends named beauty and sweetness. The lily does not sow and reap with man's tools, but it sows and reaps with the tools that God hath appointed for flowers. It thrusts its roots down and pumps up the sap and moisture for food and drink. It thrusts the stalk up and untwisting the sunbeam seizes upon the hue and color that it doth need. Setting up its laboratory in the roots it dissolves the minerals as food for its strong stalk. Through the chemistry of the leaves it absorbs the gases of the air and works them into glowing textures. Using the instruments and tools given, the flower achieves its mission of tranquil yet passionate beauty, and every sweet blossom that waves and riots in the sunshine whispers that if a flower working as a flower can achieve its appointed end of beauty that man working as a man can achieve those ends named happiness and peace.

Those modest flowers that without haste, tumult or anxious worry have toiled in their sheltered nook and extracted the whitest hue from black soil and the sweetest perfume from noxious odors, have earned the right to rebuke man for his paroxysms of effort, his fevered querulousness, his worry that wastes his life. The things about which a man frets and twists are things that have never happened in his career, and happen these fears never will. As the test of the flower is beauty and the test of the bird that it soars and sings, so the test of the children of God is radiant joy, tranquil gladness, and that inspiring atmosphere that betrays trust in God's all loving providence. That which is easy for a blossom and a bird ought not to be hard for a man who bears God's image.—[Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.

What Will It Cost.

The cost of living, of course, varies in different countries. Engel, the German sociologist, laid down four propositions, which are frequently cited together, as "Engel's Law."

People of sense would have guessed at these propositions; but even they like to see them confirmed by statistics. The distinct propositions are:

First, that the grater the income, the smaller is the relative percentage of outlay for subsistence.

Second, that the percentage of outlay for clothing is approximately the same, whatever the income.

Third, that the percentage of outlay for lodging or rent, and for fuel or light, is invariably the same, whatever the income. It is, in fact, 12 per cent of the income.

Fourth, that, as the income increases in amount, the percentage of outlay for sundries becomes greater.

The standard of comfort in this country is higher than that of Europe. It was proved twenty years ago, that, while, as has been said, the German workman paid 12 per cent of his income for lodging, fuel and light, and, while in England the average working-man pays 13½ per cent for them, the average workingman in Illinois pays 17.42 per cent for them, and in Massachusetts nearly 20 per cent. Unfortunately, life is, in comparison, so easy with us that comparatively few people know much about the division of their own expenses. Few people whom you meet, for instance, could tell you whether their butter costs more than their bread, or their fuel more than their boots and shoes. But enough people do keep such accounts for Mr. Carroll Wright to be able to teach us seventeen years ago that, if the average workingman in Massachusetts had $1,000 to spend, his expenditure would be divided thus: Groceries, $295.20; other provisions, $197.60; fuel, $43; "dry goods," $20; boots, shoes, and slippers, $36.30; clothing, $103.20; rent, $197.40; sundries, $107.30. Total, $1,000.

I recur to these fundamental principles in the matter of personal expense, because the national government has just now published a valuable paper on the prices which have ruled in the last ten years; and the results shown in this paper are both significant and important. They are sometimes all-important in the questions of economy or frugality, which have so much to do with the success of honest people in daily life. They are also very closely connected with out content or discontent in the

matter of our daily wages. Thus, while we scold about the gamblers and the stock exchange, we are apt to forget that the rise and fall in the cost of some articles of food is sometimes as remarkable as that of the stocks sold by the money-brokers. For instance, the wholesale price of lard in July, 1896, was hardly more than one-third of what the same article sold for in January, 1893. The smaller price was almost exactly three-eighths of the higher price. The report of which I speak is prepared by Dr. Faulkner with great care, and published at Washington by the Department of Labor. It is impossible to abridge it within the compass of our columns. But I like to have everybody know that, on the whole, prices have been steadily falling between the beginning of the year 1890, and the period six months ago when this report closed. In food, for instance, the summary shows that the same amount of food which on January 1, 1890, could be bought for $99.02 could be bought in July, 1899, for $85.09.

Cloths and clothing fell from 101.9 to 84.5, fuel and lighting from 99 to 89.08, drugs and chemicals from 104.5 to 95.9.

And, to speak in general, prices fell from 102 to 92. This means to you and me that, if our income were the same in July, 1899, as it was in January, 1890, we got 10 per cent more for our money.

As most readers know, prices have generally risen since last July.

It is interesting to see that, while the range from low prices to high was sometimes enormous in many articles, as in the case of lard, which has been already cited, the average on "all articles" was in general almost steadily downward until July, 1897. It was then more than one-fifth less than it had been seven years before. From that moment the price of "all articles" rose almost steadily till in July, 1899, it was nine-tenths (not four-fifths) of what it was nine years before.

I think young housekeepers will be interested in knowing how the clothing expenses of an average family divide themselves. In the average novel—and, I am afraid, in the average sermon—the women are generally rated for extravagance in dress. Women ought to be glad, therefore, to say that it proves that, where an average family spends $100 for clothing, the children's clothes cost nearly half, the husband's clothes almost exactly one-third, and the wife's not one-quarter. The precise figures are: husband, $33.80; wife, $22.76; children, $43.75, making up an expenditure for all of $100.31.

I observe that, in an average expenditure of $165, $8 go for taxes, $12 for intoxicating liquors, $7 for tobacco, $6.71 cents "for religion," and $1.77 for charity.

Edward E. Hale.

The costliest thing in the world is sin.

A Marvelous Feat.

The death of Mr. Thomas Kitson, at Stroudsburg, Pa., recalls to the Philadelphia Times a remarkable feat performed by him in 1898.

In six hours and four minutes the fleece of six sheep was transformed into a finished suit of up-to-date clothing worn by Mr. Kitson. The previous world's record of this kind was held by a mill at Calshields, Scotland, and was eight hours. At the Scotland trial, however, but one kind of wool was used, whereas in the Kitson trial, there was a mixture of 20 per cent white and 40 per cent black, making altogether a better cloth and giving a distinct plaid pattern.

At 6:30 on the morning of May 18, 1898, six sheep were shorn by half a dozen experienced shearers, who in an inconceivably short space of time had the raw material off the animals and in the hands of the wool sorter. After this process it was, in rapid succession, scoured, dyed, dried, placed upon the picker, carded and prepared for spinning. It was then spooled, dressed and handed in, reeled and finally woven.

Under the watchful eye of the boss weaver, the cloth came quickly from the loom, and was then passed into the finishing room, where it went respectively through the process of fully washing, extracting, drying, shearing, pressing and general finishing. All in all, the cloth was subject to eighteen distinct and necessary processes of manufacture before reaching the tailor's hands.

At about ten o'clock the cloth was given to the tailor, who, in two and one-half hours, had finished the suit, with every button in its place, and fit, style and workmanship of the highest order, at the residence of Mr. Kitson.

Grave on thy heart each past "red-letter day"!
Forget not all the sunshine of the way
By which the Lord hath led thee; answered prayers,
And joys unasked, strange blessings, lifted cares,
Grand promise-echoes! Thus thy life shall be
One record of his love and faithfulness to thee.
—Frances Ridley Havergal.

Life to know life must pass through shades of death,
Night touches day, and near to heaven is hell.
Sinner or saint then, he who dauntless gives
His heart's blood to the world supremely lives.
—Katherine Coolidge.

Be joy or sorrow, Lord,
Henceforth to me thy destined measure;
Oh, let me ever bless thy word.
Resigned or grateful, at thy pleasure.
—John Quincy Adams.

If thou hast yesterday thy duty done,
And thereby cleared firm footing for to-day,
Whatever clouds make dark to-morrow's sun,
Thou shalt not miss thy solitary way.
—Goethe.

Our Boys and Girls.

The Children in Church.

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In the morn of the holy Sabbath
I like in the church to see
The dear little children clustered
And worshipping there with me.
I am sure that the gentle pastor,
Whose words are like summer dew,
Is cheered as he gazes over
Those dear little heads in the pew.

Faces earnest and thoughtful,
Innocent, grave and sweet—
They look in the congregation
Like lilies among the wheat;
And I think that the tender Master,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For those dear little heads in the pew.

When they hear, "The Lord is my shepherd,"
Or, "Suffer the babes to come,"
They are glad that the loving Father
Has given the lambs a home—
A place of their own, with his people;
He cares for me and for you,
But close to his breast he gathers
Those dear little heads in the pew.

So I love, in the great assembly,
On the Sabbath morns to see
The dear little children clustered
And worshipping there with me.
For I know that our Heavenly Father,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For those little heads in the pew.

—*Margaret Sangster.*

The Boy Who Deserved a Chance.

By S. Jennie Smith in "Christian Work."

Mr. Gibbons, a gentleman well known in Ridgeley as a member of a successful business firm there, entered the main room of its high school one morning and asked to see the principal.

"Mr. Reynolds," said he, when that person appeared, "we have a good chance for a boy in our establishment. We want a bright boy, one who is thoroughly honest and dependable, and one who is capable of advancement. Then, too, he must have no bad habits. Have you such a boy here who desires to go to work soon?"

"I think we have," returned the principal; "but we would do well to consult Miss Adams, the teacher of the first class. She naturally knows more about her boys than I do."

When Miss Adams was consulted, she quickly replied: "Yes, I have two bright boys, either of whom would be capable of filling the position you mention. The only trouble is, I hardly know which to recommend. They are equally bright and studious. They both finish the course this term, and are anxious for positions, their parents being rather poor people. They are John Miller and Howard Jackson."

"Yes, I, too, thought of those boys," said Mr. Reynolds, "but did not know which to give the preference."

"How about their conduct?" Mr. Gibbons inquired.

"Perfect, both of them," Miss Adams smilingly answered. "Both are pleasant boys, too—the kind one likes to deal with. In fact, I cannot think of any way in which one is superior to the other."

"Suppose you have a private interview with John and Howard," Mr. Reynolds suggested to Mr. Gibbons. "Perhaps you could detect a difference that we have not discovered."

Accordingly the boys were sent to the principal's office, one at a time, to see Mr. Gibbons. After the interview, that gentleman surprised both Mr. Reynolds and Miss Adams by saying: "I find that John Miller is far more deserving than Howard Jackson."

"I am curious to know how you made that discovery," the teacher said.

"By questioning them in regard to what they proposed to do when they left school," was the reply. "I find that Howard is inclined to be selfish. He is anxious to get to work, but it is merely to procure those things for himself that his parents have not been able to supply him with. He seems to be a good, honest boy, and he feels that he has come to that age when he ought to work for what he gets, and not look to his parents for it, but he has no idea that his parents have any right to look to him for help. I even mentioned that they had worked hard—I know them both, although I never met the boy before—but he looked upon that as a matter of course, and went on to tell what he meant to do for himself. He has even picked out the kind of a bicycle he intends to get as soon as he can raise money enough, and I know that his mother has gone without many a necessary article of clothing herself in order to keep him decently dressed while he is at school. John, on the contrary, is anxious to get to work because he realizes that his parents have been working hard for him all his life, and he wants to do what he can for them now. He speaks particularly of his mother. He thinks she ought to have an easier time and more comforts than she has had in the past. It seems to me that a boy who appreciates what his mother has done for him is the right sort. He is the kind we want anyhow, for we mean to be as helpful as possible to our boys, and we like to have them appreciate our efforts in their behalf. Yes, indeed, John is the boy who deserves this chance, and he will get it, you may be sure."

A Clever Rogue.

The fox is undoubtedly the cleverest of our smaller animals, and it has been suggested that his capacity has been developed, in Eng-

land at any rate, by the hard life which hunters and dogs compel him to live, says a writer in the Church Record of Toronto. He is a solitary animal who has probably never been known really to make friends with man. In reality he is a beast of prey; his sight is best at night; he feeds upon rabbits, poultry, game birds, rats, mice, etc., but will not touch birds of prey. The story of the fox feeding upon grapes, associated with the well-known fable, is seriously doubted by some observers.

The cunning of the fox is almost incredible. He will deliberately cris-cross his own trail so as to confuse dogs trying to follow him. It is claimed that unless he is extremely young and inexperienced, he never troubles the poultry of the farm near his own lair, but preys upon those at a distance, and thus saves himself from suspicion in his immediate neighborhood. When he cannot get food that he likes better, he will turn to toads, frogs and even crabs; and a comical story is told of a fox who fished. He crept down to a pool in which crabs were crawling about, and, notwithstanding his aversion to water, dipped his long tail into it. The crabs laid their claws upon the tail to be then promptly jerked to land by the fox. The following stories, further illustrating the fox's cunning, are told by Mr. Wm. J. Long in a charming little book on "Ways of Wood Folk":

When a fox finds a flock of ducks feeding near shore he trots down and begins to play on the beach in plain sight, watching the birds the while out of the "tail o' his ee," as a Scotsman would say. Ducks are full of curiosity, especially about unusual colors and objects too small to frighten them; so the playing animal speedily excites a lively interest. They stop feeding, gather close together, spread, circle, come together again, stretching their necks as straight as strings to look and listen.

Then the fox really begins his performance. He jumps high to snap at imaginary flies; he chases his bushy tail; he rolls over and over in clouds of flying sand; he gallops up the shore, and back like a whirlwind; he plays peek-a-boo with every bush. The foolish birds grow excited; they swim in smaller circles, quacking nervously, drawing nearer and nearer to get a look at the strange performance. They are long in coming, but curiosity always gets the better of them; those in the rear crowd the front rank forward. All the while the show goes on, the performer paying not the slightest attention, apparently, to his excited audience; only he draws slowly back from the water's edge, as if to give them room as they crowd nearer.

They are on the shore at last; then, when they are lost in the most astonishing caper of all, the fox dashes among them, throwing them into the wildest confusion. His first snap never fails to throw a duck back on to the sand with a broken neck; and he has generally time for a second, often for a third, before the flock escapes into deep water. Then he buries all his birds but one, throws that across his shoulders, and trots off, wagging his head, to some quiet spot where he can eat his dinner and take a good nap undisturbed.

When, with all his cunning, Reynard is caught napping, he makes use of another good trick he knows. One winter morning, some years ago, my friend, the old fox-hunter, rose at daylight for a run with the dogs over the new-fallen snow. Just before calling his hounds, he went to his hen-house, some distance away, to throw the chickens some corn for the day. As he reached the roost, his steps making no sound in the snow, he noticed the trail of a fox crossing the yard and entering the coop through a low opening sometimes used by the chickens. No trail came out, and it flashed upon him that the fox must be inside at the present moment.

Hardly had he reached this conclusion when a wild cackle arose which left no doubt about it. On the instant he whirled an empty box against the opening, at the same time pounding lustily to frighten the thief from killing more chickens. Reynard was trapped sure enough. The fox-hunter listened at the door, but save for an occasional surprised "cut-aa-cut," not a sound was heard within. Very cautiously he opened the door and squeezed through. There lay a fine pullet, stone dead; just beyond lay the fox, dead, too.

"Well, of all things," said the fox-hunter, open-mouthed, "if he hasn't gone and climbed the roost after that pullet, and then tumbled down and broken his own neck!"

Highly elated with this unusual beginning of his hunt, he picked up the fox and the pullet and laid them down together on the box outside, while he fed his chickens.

When he came out, a minute later, there was the box and a feather or two, but no fox and no pullet. Deep tracks led out of the yard and up over the hill in flying jumps. Then it dawned upon our hunter tht Reynard had played the 'possum game upon him, getting away with a whole skin and a good dinner.

The Homing Pigeon Fever.

There was never a time in the history of the homing pigeons when so much general attention has been given to them as at present, and not only are homing pigeon clubs formed in every city and town but thousands of private individuals are keeping them as pets and useful messengers. All along our coast yachtsmen, boatmen, and officers of regular steamship lines employ them for carrying messages ashore. Country physicians whose patients are widely scattered use them for ready communication at all hours of the day or night.

When a patient in a critical condition lives miles out of the town or village a homing pigeon is left with the family, and instructions are given to send a message to the office if the patient develops unfavorable symptoms. In this way the country physician is saved many miles of unnecessary travel. In fact, one physician in making his daily country visits leaves a dozen or more pigeons with his patients who are in a serious condition with instructions to report to him their condition the following day.

In his office the next morning he begins to receive reports from various parts of the country, some a mile and others five miles out. One patient is doing better, with the temperature steadily going down, and a visit is unnecessary until the following day. Another, however, indicates a more serious turn of the disease and the report shows that she had a bad night of it. When the pigeons are all in the physician makes up the list of his country calls for the day, visiting first those that are in the most unfavorable condition, and carrying with him a new relay of pigeons. So perfectly is his system developed that the physician claims that he saves a dozen lives a year by keeping in immediate communication with his country patients, and hundreds of miles of useless traveling. Of course where there is a telephone system along the line of one's patients the homing pigeon service is not so necessary, but in the country districts such conveniences are not established.

Farmers are adopting the homing-pigeon fad fully as much as any class of people, and they have actually solved by means of the birds rural communication with the town and each other. It is an easy matter on a farm to breed and cultivate the homing pigeons, for they thrive as naturally there as the ordinary rock pigeon does, and the farmers find in the birds lovable and affectionate pets. In many parts of the country reliable communications are being established between widely separated farm houses. All those included in the homing pigeon circuit must establish lofts for raising the pigeons, and once every month there must be a redistribution of pigeons to carry the messages home.

The pigeons are also employed by the farmers and ranchmen for business purposes. One large fruit grower whose farm is located off the line of the railroad has a pigeon loft established in town and another on his farm. During the fruit-picking season his commission merchant keeps him in daily touch with the prices for fruit. Every day a report of the condition of the market is sent to the farm by means of a homing pigeon, and every time any one goes to town from the farm a new batch of pigeons are carried in to replenish those sent home. The man has twenty pigeons in the service, and he can, if necessary, go nearly three weeks without carrying any back to town. He claims that the pigeons save him money enough every season to pay for the keep of five hundred birds. On one of the large grain farms of the northwest a pigeon service has also been established. In this farm hundreds of men are employed, and the superintendent sitting in his office at the farmhouse keeps in close touch with his gangs of men in all parts of the immense field. Some of them are five miles away, but every gang has one or more homing pigeons which the foreman releases if any report is needed. If he requires more men, or if a bolt of any of the machinery is lost or broken, or anything at headquarters is required, a message is immediately sent to the superintendent. There is also a service maintained between the nearest city and the farm, and the superintendent receives daily dispatches regarding the conditions of the market.

In short, the extension of the homing pigeon service on the farms and in the rural districts has possibilities that have only been faintly realized heretofore. The idea that has prevailed for years that the homing pigeons could only be raised by professionals has been thoroughly dissipated now, and thousands of amateurs are breeding them in all parts of the country. Every lighthouse along shore is connected with the mainland by a homing pigeon service. If the government does not support the service the private keepers do so, at their own expense, and find enough pleasure in breeding and training the birds to repay them for all their trouble. The men stationed on the light ships off our rough coasts are no longer cut off from communication with the rest of the world. Daily they receive reports from their families and friends who can tell them in detail all the happenings on shore. The cod-fishermen who go to the Banks every season to fish, and the fleets of mackerel schooners which stay out for weeks at a time, are mostly provided with one or more homing-pigeon loft. From time to time a pigeon is released from the boat, and messages are sent home to the families of the fisherman telling them that all is well or reporting accidents to some of their numbers.

Yachtsmen have recognized the value and pleasure to be derived from homing pigeons, and there is scarcely a yacht club along the coast that does not have its pigeon loft, and every yacht that goes forth on an extended cruise carries a few pigeons. Some of the clubs have lofts at all their stations along the coast, and pigeons from these stations are carried with the large yachts so that communication can be had at all times with the stations when the boats are out at sea. If supplies are needed, or any part of the rigging has broken away, a message is sent to the nearest station, and by the time the yacht reaches the harbor

the needed article is ready for immediate delivery.

Country club houses and camps in the woods and mountains have found the homing pigeons of great service. Even hunters who penetrate to the wilds of Canada or other little known regions sometimes carry one or more pigeons alone as a safety precaution. If anything should happen to them in the wilderness they could send out an alarm at once. Last summer a hunter who had been separated from his guide in the wildest part of northern Canada would have starved to death had not a homing pigeon brought a message from him, and a party of guides was sent out to find him. Another man was seriously wounded in the Adirondacks by the explosion of his gun and would have died alone had he not released his pigeon, which carried the alarming news straight home to its loft. The hunter described his location as nearly as possible in the woods, and the party of rescuers promptly found him prostrated with the loss of blood.

The homing pigeons are also raised as pets, and for the mere sentiment attached to the work of breeding and training them. There is something far more poetic and sentimental in sending a message by homing pigeon than by telephone or telegraph. It is like owning your own special delivery line of communication. A loft of beautiful white homers can be located in the attic of a country house or even in the conservatory, and when not in use they can be petted and tended as affectionate friends. If any one of the family goes abroad on a journey it is a pleasant little reminder of the departed one's affection to send a message home by one of the family pets. One woman, whose husband travels a good deal on business, always keeps in communication with him in this way, even going to the expense sometimes of shipping by express several of the pigeons to him in some distant place.

Then there is the pleasure derived from racing the pigeons. In many towns and villages homing pigeon races are events of the season. The fashionable country clubs enter into this sport with enthusiasm. The pigeons are released from the lofts at a certain minute, and the race of the birds between the club houses is watched with interest.—[G. E. Walsh in the Interior.

Khaki.

The London Daily News, to illustrate the part played by lucky accident in the discovery of inventions, told the other day a story about khaki, the olive-colored canvas-cloth worn by the English and American soldiers in hot countries. This cotton stuff has been worn in India by British troops for many years. Its tint was a greenish brown, but it always faded when it was washed with soap. A business man from Manchester, while traveling in India, happened to fall into conversation with an English officer, who remarked carelessly that the first manufacturer who could produce a cotton drill that would not fade would make his fortune. The young Englishman never forgot this hint. He came home, found a skillful dyer, and with him began the search for an olive dye which, when used on cotton cloth, would not yield to soap or soda. They spent years in these experiments, all of which proved fruitless. One day they found among several scraps of dyed cloth one which retained its color under the most severe tests. The puzzling fact was that it had been cut from the same piece of cloth, and subjected to the same processes as the other scraps, all of which faded. The two experimenters were greatly puzzled, and for months tried in vain to solve the riddle. The one little fragment of khaki was the only one which kept its color against all attacks. By chance one day they found that the dye in which this scrap had been dipped had remained for a time in a metal dish of a peculiar kind. The secret was found. The metal of the dish, in combination with the chemicals of the dye, had furnished the one thing needful. They tried the experiment with other pieces. The dye held and their fortunes were made.

Every good man is God's boon to society.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame.—[Longfellow.

Goodness and love mold the form into their own image, and cause the beauty and joy of love to shine forth from every part of the face.—[Swedenborg.

We ought to know the Scriptures as the physician knows his despensatory, the lawyer his books of reports, and the sailor his charts and compass.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury is begun on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.—[Tillotson.

Remember constantly that God's loving eyes are upon you amid all these little worries and vexations, watching whether you take them as he would desire. Offer up all such occasions to him; and, if sometimes you are put out and give way to impatience, do not be discouraged, but make haste to regain your lost composure.—[Francis de Sales.

All outward wisdom yields to that within,
Whereof nor creed nor canon holds the key;
We only feel that we have ever been,
And evermore shall be.

—Bayard Taylor.

Church News.

Northern California.

Black Diamond.—Rev. D. Goodsell of Byron has accepted a call to the Black Diamond church and has begun work.

Westside.—The pulpit has been occupied for two Sundays by Rev. F. N. Greeley. At the last communion service two persons were received to membership, one on confession. There was a large number of communicants. The spiritual condition is good.

Lincoln.—The Lincoln church is in great need of hynm books and Sunday-school singing books, and if some of our churches that are putting in new books have a number of old books in good condition to dispose of cheaply, we would like a chance to purchase. Our hynm book now in use, "Select Songs," y Rev. F. N. Peloubet, is quite acceptable, and if any church has copies of the same to dispose of, please to address the pastor, F. M dispose of, please to address the pastor, F. M. Washburn.

Notes and Personals.

Rev. H. W. Lathe of Pasadena is spending his vacation in this section of the State.

Haywards Congregational church is undergoing repairs. New windows are replacing the old, seats changed and the interior generally renovated.

Rev. G. S. Arnette of Aurora, Mo., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Whittier Congregational church, and will begin his work September 1st.

The new Congregational church building at Wyandotte is completed. After painting, which will require not more than three weeks, it will be ready for occupancy.

A very tenderly appreciative tribute was paid at the last Minister's Meeting to Mr. Yelland, the artist, who was also a member of the First Congregational church in Oakland. His death was referred to as a loss to art as well as to the church.

Mr. T. Radcliffe, organist of the Salt Lake Congregational church, has a good record. For twenty years, during which he has served the church in this capacity, he has missed but two services. He has earned the vacation which now he takes.

At the recent anniversary meeting of the "Union Chinese Bible Society," held in the Chinese Presbyterian church, on Stockton street, San Francisco, addresses were made by Consul General Ho Lou. Revs. Dr. Condit and Thompson, Messrs Jee Gam, Chan Lok Sank, and others. One who was present describes it as "one of the most interesting Bible meetings he ever attended, whether Japanese, Chinese, or American." The audience was large and deeply interested from the beginning to the close of the meeting. An offering of $60 was made for the California Bible Society.

Remember that the coming meeting of the General Association of California is to be held at Cloverdale, Sonoma county, Rev. H. E. Banham, pastor. This place is on the California Northwestern Railway (formerly S. F. and No. Pac. Ry.); is eighty-four miles from San Francisco. The regular fare is $3 each way. An effort will be made to secure special rates. Trains for Cloverdale leave San Francisco (via ferry to San Rafael) at 7:30 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. Arrival at Cloverdale at 11:15 a.m.and 7:20 p.m. It is expected that the opening session will be on Tuesday evening October 2d, at 8 o'clock.

There is at least one pastor in Oakland capable of answering the conundrum, Where was Moses when the light went out? The First church, it should be understood, has been undergoing a thorough renovation, and some of its appliances are not yet in perfect running order. Two weeks since, at the evening service, during the singing of a hymn, the electric current failed, and the church was shrouded in darkness. When light was restored, the pastor took up his Scripture reading, which was the introduction to the gospel of John. Those profound sentences, setting forth the shining of the true light, and the darkness which comprehending it not, probably received a new interpretation, and fresh significance, that evening, for both pastor and the congregation. One week later, during the sermon of last Sunday evening, suddenly all the lights in the building were again extinguished. But in no wise disturbed thereby, Mr. Brown quietly finished his sermon, the choir sang a familiar hymn, and the pastor was pronouncing the benediction, when, as suddenly, the light reappeared. It isn't every preacher whose discourse is so illuminating as to dispense with the accessories of gas or electricity; and it is not every minister whose self-possession would be equal to the occasion. We incline to think that the pastor of the Oakland church might be relied upon in any emergency to bear himself as manfully as the traditional Connecticut legislator whom the famous "Dark Day" overtook during a session of the legislature. "If this be the end of the world," he is reported to have said, " I want to be found at my post doing my duty. I move that the legislature proceed with its business." In this view both the older and the more recent event carries with it valuable instruction and inspiration.

The Golden Rule would not be much but for the light of the Golden Life on it.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

By Aloha.

CHINA'S MILLIONS.

No soul need be ashamed of humility in view of the stupendous problems the nations have on hand in China. Who can solve them? How puny seems the emperor's rage! Our noble President and his capable and patriotic Cabinet cannot force from the wily Orientals an average of ten lines a day which make trusted reading for our papers. Yet every honest and prayerful soul owes the mite of his light, as well as of his prayer. In this spirit this little acorn seeks the soil of thoughtful hearts. I have some sense of crowds. I saw Kossuth bow to crowds on Broadway, and lift his Kossuth hat. I witnessed Henry Clay's procession in the enthused City of New York. I crowded into Nible's Garden far enough to get a glimpse of Daniel Webster and hear his voice of thunder. I saw Lincoln take his seat in a barouche beside Fernando Wood as he entered New York, and heard the crowds cheer him as he rode down Broadway. When General Grant had his first reception at Cooper Institute, the crowd jamming the doorway lifted me from my feet. Had I slipped under their feet the kind editor of The Pacific had never said, "Shake those oaks," and partial friends had never encouraged a sometimes weary pencil with the kind words, "We look for the acorns." Beecher crowds on ferry-boats and around the famous tabernacle in Brooklyn were familiar sights in college days. A few times I have been in the crowd flocking to hear Spurgeon, and have hurried up to London from the Crystal Palace because the crowd on a bank holiday showed signs of getting dangerous and nasty from too much beer. It took all the liveliness of my boyish legs to thread the crowd across Broadway and Fulton streets. Yet the sights of Canton on an ordinary day gave me a greater impression of a crowd than Chicago or London ever did. China's four hundred millions explain it.

The thought of such armies as have been talked of by the Powers marching through that country seems, to my unmilitary mind, preposterous. These humble vegetable peddlers, who balance baskets on the bay ferry-boats look no more like the stalwart Chinamen on their native heath than the poorest California Indians, compared with the warrior Sioux of Dakota. The glaring eyes of the huge men who frowned on me as a foreign devil come before me and make me feel how little soldier boys know of the men they are to face if China really makes up to defend her territory from a common foe. I remember that Patrick Henry said, "Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, are invincible by any force which an enemy can bring against them." Intelligent Yankees and dull Chinamen do differ. But four hundred millions! Think of them. We shall have to. We had better begin. Suppose they had pulled our hair as we have pulled their queues. Suppose they had stoned us as our hoodlums have stoned them. Suppose Russia had stolen Long Island and threatened New York; and England had seized Hampton Roads and Fortress Monroe; and Germany had pounced on Charleston and the Sea Islands; and Japan had jumped on Puget Sound and China had forced a sphere of influence around the bay—would McKinleyism or Bryanism, Prohibition or tariff, figure much in the campaign which would be on? These are crude illustrations, I know, but let the warring powers beware lest Boxers and imperialists, conservative and progressive, pagan and Christian, turn and make common cause against a foreign foe. Think how rude Filipinos, with bows and arrows, machetes and slung-shots, have resisted for years a brave American army. How few of the nine million Filipinos have ever seen an American soldier! China's millions have moved our thought as Christians. They ought move our military leaders to extreme caution. Let us hope the great Li Hung Chang, who has seen the power of the Powers in his trip around the world, may be equal to the sublimest task set to one patriot in the eventful nineteenth century. Why do not our Christian President and Cabinet call the nation to a day of fasting and prayer? Can the campaign of party be too hot in Washington for the calm of devotion? Is there fear of the sneer of political rivals? We hope not. Our A. B. C. F. M., or the Evangelical Alliance, would find Christians everywhere ready to ask God to show his people the path of duty.

Were Moody alive on earth his brave voice of faith would have been listened to. The suggestion of the Northfield Conference would have respectful attention. Pulpit and mid-week meetings have one absorbing topic. Family altars and Endeavor meetings tell of Peking's dangers and plead with the God who loves missionaries, but there would be power with God in a day of fasting and prayer for light on the duties of the Christian nations in these dark days. What figures on the world's dial-plate missionaries are to-day. Never so much so since the Divine Missionary came by the way of the Bethlehem manger. He lived and died for China's millions and they shall come to his standards of peace and love as doves flock to their windows—

"Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!"

The man deserving the name is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than for himself.—[Walter Scott.

Ministers' Meeting.

Monday was a red-letter day at Congregational headquarters. Rev. Geo. B. Hatch took the Club with him on his European trip, seeing through his eyes, hearing through his ears, moved through his emotions, interpreting through his imagination, sights, sounds and experiences, open to all if they could but realize them, hidden from most because so few can do so. Prof. Foster had treated the Atlantic ocean as a puddle and leaped across it. Mr. Hatch treated it more respectfully—but then it was his first experience and it began by mastering him. He took us with him upon the great "liner," down into his stateroom, where he lay and tossed and dreamed and learned his own littleness; made as his companions in looking off upon the heaving, tossing, resplendent highway along which, as a thing of life, the great ship steadily forced a passage, mastering the giant which tossed it in its arms; drew us upward to Him who holdeth all in the hollow of his hand and rules it with a word. It was a poem in prose, that description, a psalm of life and worshipful praise. With him we listened to the band while it played the national air claimed by America, England and Germany alike, and seen with him the quick response which rose from the hearts of that representative body, the sympathetic bond which links together the Anglo-Saxon and the Teuton. He showed us London, strange, foreign, home-like London; its self-complacent arrogance, its substantial justice and loveable manhood; took us to the grave of Oliver Goldsmith, to Westminster Hall inseparably linked with memories of Oliver Cromwell, and to Westminster Abbey, where surrounded by the memorials of earthly grandeur, the place thrilled with the conscious presence of God, and one learned the source of England's greatness. He took us to Germany, wide awake, busy and modern; the future commercial not less than intellectual competitor of Anglo-Saxon nation. Then to Italy, and in Italy, to St. Peter's where amid the throng of visitors he beheld the passage of the Pope, received with others his benediction, and mused on the great realities of our faith.

Among visiting brethren not previously noted were Rev. O. H. Gulick of Honolulu, Rev. Mr. Lewis, recently from the Hawaiian Islands, Rev. Dr. Frazier of Oakland and E. R. Fuller of Bakersfield.

The address of next week will be by Rev. Dr. W. M. Kincaid, pastor of the Central Union church, Honolulu.

Sunday-School Offerings.

The 1900 Children's Day offerings to the Congregational S. S. and P. S. in the District of Southern California, received by the undersigned, up to July 31st, are as follows:

Arnez Mission S. S., $2; Perris church and S. S., $5.15; Lakeview S. S., $3.08; Compton church and S. S., $11.10; Corona S. S., $13.73; Escondido church and S. S., $13.41; Poway church and S. S., $9; Sierra Madre S. S., $4.50; Hyde Park S. S., $8.26; Etiwanda S. S., $5; Alpine S. S., $6.83; Dehesa S. S., $3.54; Jamul S. S., $5; Lemon Grove S. S., $3.30; Norwalk church and S. S., $5.65; San Jacinto S. S., $8; Paso Robles S. S., $5; Santa Barbara church and S. S., $28; Fruitland Mission S. S., $1.90; Pico Heights S. S., $10; National City S. S., $5.74; San Bernardino First Cong. S. S., $2.20; San Bernardino, Bethel Cong. S. S., 55c; Saticoy S. S., $4.50; Spring Valley Cong. S. S., $1.65; Rialto S. S., $5.50; Blomington S. S. $2.68; Banner Mission S. S., $2; Moreno S. S., $3; Alessandro S. S., $1.25; San Miguel S. S., $1.15; Buena Park S. S., $3.65; Pasadena, Lake Avenue S. S., $9; Pasdena North S. S., $4.22; Pasadena First church and S. S., $60; Villa Park S. S., $1.65; Bakersfield S. S. $3; Whittier S. S., $3.26; Claremont S. S., $9.82; Santa Ana church and S. S., $12; San Diego Second church and S. S., $2.50; La Mesa S. S., $3.35; Stowe Mission S. S., $1.87; San Luis Obispo S. S., $5; Rosedale S. S., $1.10; Ramona, $2.49; Ontario church and S. S., $12.60; Riverside S. S., $24.12; Mentone S. S., $4; Pomona S. S., $23.30; Los Angeles First church and S. S., $65.66; Los Angeles Vernon S. S., $15; Los Angeles Park S. S., $14.30; Los Angeles East S. S., $7.56; Los Angeles South S. S., $1.50; Tempe, Arizona, S. S., $7.15; Ventura S. S., $7.78; San Diego First S. S. $25.

H. P. Case,
Supt. C. S. S. & P. S. for So. Cal.

The Inland Empire Letter.

By Iorwerth

Rev. Austin Rice of Walla Walla is spending his vacation on Upper Mill Creek at the foot of the Blue mountains. His pulpit has been supplied by President Penrose and General Missionary T. W. Walters will preach next Sunday.

The summer school of Whitman College has closed. Although such schools have become quite numerous in this region, it was quite a success, and is likely to be a permanent feature of the institution. Prof. W. D. Lyman of Whitman College has made a trip to Alaska this summer, and is now in the Chelan country.

Rev. H. P. James of Colfax is on his vacation and using his rod on the Palouse and other streams, at which business he is an expert. Mrs. James is on a visit to her home in Vermont.

The interior decorations and improvements on the Westminster church have made it not

only the most substantial and expensive church building in the city, but also the most attractive and finished. The pastor and people are full of hope for the future, and are already planning for a vigorous and progressive work this fall and winter.

Dr. J. D. Kingsbury of Bradford, Mass., has been among us as a representative of the C. H. M. Society. About a dozen of the brethren met with him in a Conference at this city on Friday. Home missionary interests in the "Inland Empire" were discussed for three or four hours. We confidently expect that his visit with us will result in great good. The doctor will visit Wardner, Wallace and other points in Northern Idaho next week.

Rev. J. D. Jones, Medical Lake, has received a call to Dayton and is likely to accept it. Chaplain Knudson was in the city this week, on his way to Oakland, to attend the Pacific Theological Seminary.

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 11th.

Christianity in Japan.

The annual survey of the field and work of the American Board's Japan mission and the Kumiai churches reviews the effect of the treaties which went into operation one year ago, and which brought the missionaries, in common with all other foreigners, under the immediate jurisdiction of the Japanese government.

It states that for many years past the sentiment of the missionary community had been decidedly favorable to the abolition of extra-territoriality, and the missionaries have accepted the new conditions with great cordiality. It was inevitable that the change should bring with it some inconveniences, arising from unfamiliarity with the Japanese methods of governmental administration, but the transition has taken place without serious friction in any quarter The new order is much more favorable to healthful progress in every department of missionary work than the old. While there are certain features of the Japanese law which Anglo-Saxons, at least, might wish different, and some which they view with deep regret, the system, as a whole, promises to work well, and to be in harmony with the interests of all law-abiding residents.

"We may, therefore, heartily congratulate Japan both upon the recognition which has thus emphatically been given to her methods of legal administration and upon the wisdom and tact which have made the transition not merely so free from friction and annoyance, but also so suggestive of a speedy and natural adjustment of all concerned to their new obligations."

* * *

A measure adopted by the Diet, which has awakened no little interest in it, is a law forbidding the use of tobacco by persons under 20 years of age. This has been followed by regulations issued by the department of education, which seek to prevent smoking on the part of students in all primary and middle schools, as well as in others of similar grade, irrespective of age, and also smoking by teachers on the school premises. In some cases the teachers have, as an aid to the enforcement of the rule, abandoned the practice altogether.

Japan has set before herself the task of propagating on the continent of Asia the civilization of the West. She hopes to be the leader in this grand movement. The inertia to be overcome is great, and the movement must be slow for many years, but there are indications of success. Among other expedients, Japan relies on the attractive power of her educational institutions. Already she has 151 Chinese youth under instruction in her military and other schools. Twenty-one Korean young men are studying at the military academy of Tokio, not to mention a probably much larger number elsewhere. Six natives of India are also to be found in the technical schools of Tokio. Increasing interest is also being taken in the efforts of certain well known Japanese to raise up schools in Korea.

It is often asserted that the Christians have gained very little prominence in Japanese society, but a very slight acquaintance with the facts will satisfy the most obstinate doubter that they have won an influence out of all proportion to their numbers. According to the latest statistics, the number of enrolled Christians was as follows: Protestants, 41,808; Greek Catholics, 25,231; Roman Catholics, 53,924; total, 120,963.

* * *

Here we have in round numbers 121,000 Christians, representing a Christian community, including children (which are not included in the Protestant rolls) and other dependents, of not far from 225,000 souls, or about one-half of 1 per cent of the population of Japan outside of Formosa. This comparatively small body has already furnished one cabinet minister, two justices of the court of cassation (the national Supreme Court), two speakers of the lower house of the Diet, one of them having been elected twice, two or three vice-ministers of state, not to speak of several heads of bureaus, judges of the courts of appeal, etc.

In the first Diet, beside the speaker, the chairman of the committee of the whole and 11 other members were Christians, out of the 300 members of the House—nearly nine times the normal proportion. In subsequent Diets, the proportion has never been less than four times the normal. In the present Diet, beside the speaker, 13 members of the House are Christians, and among them are to be found some of the most efficient men in the Diet.

One of them was elected in a strongly Buddhist district by a majority of five to one. In the executive committee of the great liberal party last year, two of the three members were Christians, while for the present year the ratio is one to three in the same committee.

In the army, there are said to be 155 Christian officers; that is, about three per cent. In the navy, too, it is noteworthy that the two 12,500-ton battleships, the largest, with one exception, now in commission, are under command of Christian captains.

In the universities and government colleges, both among the instructors and students, the Christians are found in abnormal numbers. The same is true of the students sent abroad at government expense. There are, it is said, at the present time six graduates of one of the best government colleges studying abroad, and among these, five are Christians.

Not less than three of the great dailies of Tokio are under the control of Christian men, while in the case of several others, Christians are at the heads of departments on the editorial staff.

The most successful charitable institutions are also under Christian leadership, and the volume of such work in Christian hands is very large. The largest public institution for the poor in all Japan is also greatly indebted to the wise counsel and efficient service which it has drawn from the same small fraction of the nation.

* * *

This prominence of Christian men in so many departments of life is not due—it can not be due—to accident; it must be attributed to a certain stimulus which is the product of the Christian faith. They have made a deep impression upon society. They fill numerous positions of influence, because, in spite of much prejudice, they have proved themselves worthy and have won the confidence of their countrymen. The influence accorded them is an unconscious tribute to the faith which has made them what they are.

It is a pleasure to recognize our indebtedness to the American Bible Society. It has contributed valuable assistance to our work and to that of all the Protestant missions in Japan.

The Young Men's Christian Associations, also, are doing a most valuable work in Tokio and several other parts of the empire. Perhaps the largest regular Christian congregations in Japan are those found at the Y. M. C. A. hall in Tokio on Sunday afternoons. A like service is being rendered by the student associations in the universities and colleges throughout the country. They are among the most efficient auxiliaries of the missionary work. Rear Admiral Watson, U. S. N., who has been in command of the Asiatic fleet, is a member of the Executive Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association of the United States navy.

The statistics of the Kumiai churches, Jan. 1, 1900, are as follows: Total organized churches, 72; total congregations, 97; total pastors, 74; church members, 10,214; total contributions in yen, 31,745; estimated value of church property, 100,160; amount expended by the mission in support of evangelists, 7,416.26 yen; expended in aid of churches, 3,858.96; number of evangelists supported by the mission in places where there are no organized churches, 26.

Our Martyred Missionaries.

With profound gratitude we have learned of the probable safety of most of our missionary force in North China—at least, down to the present time. But as regards those stationed at Pao Ting Fu hope can be maintained only against hope. It may be of interest therefore to know something more as to those who have sailed hence "on bloody seas," to the "desired haven."

Rev. Horace T. Pitkin was born in 1869, in Philadelphia, Pa.; studied at Philipps Academy, Exeter, N. H.; graduated from Yale College in 1892 and from Union Theological Seminary in 1896, embarking for China in the same year.

Mrs. Pitkin is at present at her father's home in Troy, Ohio, and has thus escaped the fiery trial which has tried her husband.

Miss Annie A. Gould, the daughter of Mr. John M. Gould of Portland, Me., was born in Bethel, Me., in 1867; studied in the public schools of Portland, and in Mt. Holoyoke College; and joined the North China Mission in 1893.

Miss Mary S. Morrill was a native of Deering, Me., born in 1864. A student for two years in the Farmington Normal School, she pursued the vocation of teacher in this country for a time, and then sailed for China in 1889.

These all "died in faith." With them it is well, but for the afflicted relatives, for the bereaved Church of Christ, and for the converts left as sheep without a shepherd and exposed to wolfish fury, prayer, earnest, loving, constant, is fitting, for them that the God of all comfort will comfort them with the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

It is not the man who does the most talking who is the most talked about.

The preacher without ambition is worthless; with nothing but ambition he is dangerous.

Unselfish and noble acts are the most radiant epochs in the biography of souls. When wrought in earliest youth they lie in the memory of age like the coral islands, green and sunny amidst the melancholy waste of ocean.

A BETTER MAN.

"If I were a better man," said a distinguished pulpit orator, "I would be a better preacher." That signifies much. No matter how gifted and eloquent a preacher may be, unless he is deeply, devoutly candid and pious at heart he will not be a really good minister of the gospel of Christ. Moral manhood tells in all the professions, but in none so much as in the ministry. There pretense and sham, envy and ambition, will more or less sap the spiritual strength that is so essential to communion with God and power over men. It was the masterly moral manhood in Jesus that so impressed the people that the officers sent to arrest him returned saying, "Never man spake like this man," and caused the common people to hear him gladly. It was his high moral integrity, his self-sacrificing devotion, and his deep spirituality that made Paul the masterly promulgator of the gospel that he was. The same is true of Luther, Knox, Wesley, Otterbein, and all others especially distinguished as being, through long years of service, successful champions of the cross. Brethren, would you be better preachers? Then strive to be better men.

"No new gospel is needed." So declared the preacher, not an "old fogy," out of touch with the times, but a man of education and refinement, thoroughly alive and in full sympathy with the progressive spirit of the age, who had just begun his ministry to a large city church. Fortunate is the congregation whose pastor keeps step with every movement of the church and yet holds on to the religion of the New Testament. Religion remains always the same.—[Christian Advocate.

He that will speak well must first learn to be silent; for to talk much is not eloquence, but prating. He who desires to command well must first learn to obey; since it is impossible that he should be a good ruler over others, who knows not how to be subject and obedient to God.—[Lutheran.

Religion makes the Church and not the Church religion.

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Samples of mixtures made in imitation of baking powders, but containing alum, are frequently distributed from door to door, or given away in grocery stores. Such mixtures are dangerous to use in food, and in many cities their sale is prohibited by law. Alum is a corrosive poison, and all physicians condemn baking powders containing it.

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POWER OF A LOOK.

re is much in a look. If one word to say to God, he may is weary, longing eyes to n, and the heavenly Father nderstand the desire, the sor-he need which that look ex-s. He has said, "Look unto d be ye saved, all the ends of rth, for I am God, and there ie else." There is prayer, is praise, there is love in a f the Christian cannot speak l of consolation to a sorrow-ighbor, he may cast on him of sympathy, and it will be balm to the wounded heart. The afflicted are objects of many a gaze. When a troubled soul ventures into the street or goes to church he is painfully conscious that many eyes are watching him. He is almost afraid to look up, lest he meet a glance that will pierce his heart. There is a look of curiosity, a look of suspicion, a look of scorn, a look of contempt, and a look of pity. The eye will tell what is in the heart, even when the lips move not. The Lord helps men with the light of his countenance, and if Christians were like him in spirit the same sunshine of compassion, of kindess, of love would beam through their eyes to cheer and comfort the broken-hearted.

A BUSINESS MAN.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." —Psa. xc: 12.

The Rev. Matthew Wilks was once waited upon by a gentleman. He received him most kindly; but after some conversation asked, "Have you anything more to tell me?"

"Nothing particular."

"Any other question to ask?"

"No."

"Then," said Mr. Wilks, "you must leave me, as I have my Master's business to attend to." The gentleman said afterward that he had received a lesson on the value of time which he never forgot.

Joseph Alleine used to say, "Give me a Christian who counts his time more precious than gold."

The man who learns something from each of his mistakes never completes his education.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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GLENDOWER—"*I can call spirits from the vasty deep.*"

HOTSPUR—"*Why, so can I, or so can any man.*

"*But will they come when you do call for them?*"—SHAKESPEARE.

How quickly Hotspur's wise and witty retort tears the tragic mantle in which Glendower stalks, and shows beneath the seer's robe, the motley of the mountebank. Most people would have taken the Welchman at his word, and called him seer, without noting the difference between to *call* and to *command*.

Certain points of comparison are suggested between Glendower's tragic claim and the comic claim made in some specious advertisements. "I am a woman, I know all about woman. I understand woman, and I can cure woman because I am a woman." The modern Mrs. Hotspur puts her finger right on the weak spot of that clamorous claim by saying: "Why if you can cure woman simply because you are a woman, then so can I and so can any woman." Which very plainly brings out the common sense fact that the cure of diseases does not depend upon being a *man* or being a *woman* but does depend upon being a trained and experienced *physician*.

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